The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 335. Vol. LVI. AUGUST, 1919. **Price Ninepence.**

9d. net monthly. Special Numbers 1/- net and 2/6 net.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS: British Isles, Canada and Newfoundland, 16/- per annum post free. Other places abroad, 18/- per annum post free.

CONTENTS.

NEWS NOTES 151

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY—

Alfred Hayes. By J. P. Collins 155

THE READER—

Professor Sir Walter Raleigh. By W. M. Parker 157

Holiday and Other Humour. By Martinus Scriblerus 159

Prize Competitions 162

Herman Melville. By F. C. Owlett 164

Scott and the Booksellers. By Davidson Cook .. 167

NEW BOOKS—

1914. By F. Britten Austin 168

English Religion. By A. E. Waite 169

The Critical Enthusiast. By R. Ellis Roberts 169

The Jerningham Letters. By Major S. Butterworth .. 170

The Charm of Personality. By Walter Jerrold .. 172

A Keeper of the Merse. By W. S. Crockett 172

Mr. Yeats's Odyssey. By Francis Bickley 174

Odes and Other Poems. By Professor H. J. C. Grierson 174

NOVEL NOTES—

Mary England—The Dean—The Bonfire—The Last Million—Harder Than Steel—Stairs of Sand—The Sleeping Partner—The Sky Pilot of No Man's Land—Robin, the Prodigal—Margaret Protests 176–79

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE—

Magpies in Picardy—Widgee—War in the Underseas—An Amazing Séance and an Exposure 179–80

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

THE BOOKMAN SPECIAL TWENTY-FOUR GUINEAS PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

The Bookman monthly Prize Competitions have been so increasingly successful that we have decided to offer twelve special prizes for competition as follows—

(1) *We offer a First prize of £3. 3s., a Second of £2. 2s., and a Third of £1. 1s. for the three best original lyrics in not more than forty lines each.*

(2) *We offer a First prize of £3. 3s., a Second of £2. 2s. and a Third of £1. 1s. for the best essay in not more than seven hundred words on "My Favourite Author."*

(3) *We offer a First prize of £3. 3s., a Second of £2. 2s. and a Third of £1. 1s. for the best drawing (serious or humorous, in line or wash) illustrating the title of any book published this year.*

(4) *We offer a First prize of £3. 3s., a Second of £2. 2s. and a Third of £1. 1s. for the best three humorous poems in not more than forty lines each.*

Competitors should write on one side of the paper only. Any competitor who wishes to do so may send in for two or more of these Competitions.

All replies, marked "Special Competition" on the envelope or wrapper, should be addressed to

The Editor,
The Bookman,
St. Paul's House,
Warwick Square,
London E.C.4,

and must reach the Bookman *office by the first post on September 4th next.*

Results will be announced in The Bookman *for October, when a selection of the poems, essays and drawings will be published, in addition to those to which prizes are awarded.*

The long expected posthumous novel of William De Morgan, "The Old Madhouse," will be published immediately by Mr. Heinemann. The book was left incomplete, but from the author's ample notes his wife has been able to finish it in accordance with his plans. It is the story of a strange disappearance, and but for the novelist's own notes of how it ended, the mystery would have remained as insoluble as that of "Edwin Drood."

Mr. Laurence Binyon's books of war poems, with some additions, have been collected into "The

Lieutenant Adrian Consett Stephen, R.F.A.

Four Years " (7s. 6d. net), which Mr. Elkin Mathews has published. There are verses in this volume, notably such as " For the Fallen," " The English Graves," " La Patrie," " Men of Verdun," " The English Youth," and " The Unreturning Spring " :

> " The year's pale spectre is crying
> For beauty invisibly shed,
> For the things that never were told
> And were killed in the minds of the dead "—

that will survive Time's winnowing and remain among the most enduring poetry of the great war. The volume is admirably produced, with a striking portrait of Mr. Binyon from an engraving by William Strang.

" Sonia Married," a new novel by Stephen McKenna, will be published immediately by Hutchinsons.

The Athenæum Literature Department has published a selection of Whittier's Poems (6d.), with a Preface by Rufus M. Jones. The booklet, which is tastefully produced, is the first volume in the Westminster Classics series.

" The Riding Master," a new novel by Dolf Wyllarde, will be published immediately by Mr. Stanley Paul.

Two interesting volumes by Adrian Consett Stephen, M.C., have been published in Sydney by Penfold & Co., and in this country by the Australian Book Company. One, " An Australian in the R.F.A." contains the letters he wrote and the Diary he kept while on active service in the late war ; and the other, " Four Plays," shows him as a dramatist, genially satirical, whimsically humorous, and with a sure instinct for social comedy. Adrian Stephen was educated at the Sydney Grammar School and at St. Paul's College in the University of Sydney. He would have been called to the Bar, but when the war came joined the Army instead, and in 1915 went to the front as a 2nd Lieutenant in the R.F.A. He was in some of the fiercest fighting in France ; was mentioned in dispatches in May, 1917 ; awarded the Croix de Guerre avec palme for work on the Somme, in the same year ; and for his gallantry in the terrible struggle for Passchendaele Ridge gained the Military Cross. During this period he was promoted, and was for three months acting Major in command of his battery. He was killed in action on March 14th, 1918. His letters and Diary form a graphic and intimate chronicle of his personal experiences in camp and billet and in battle ; and the Plays, despite occasional immaturities, for they were all written when their author was between

Captain T. P. Cameron Wilson,

whose " Magpies of Picardy " (Poetry Bookshop) is reviewed in this Number.

twenty and twenty-three, make entertaining reading, sombre though they are at times, and show a skill in dialogue and construction and real power in the creation of character that are full of high promise, which can never now be fulfilled.

Mr. Hamilton Fyfe, the well-known newspaper correspondent who was introduced to American audiences by Lord Northcliffe as "the man who saw more of the war than any other living soul," has drawn from his experiences much of the material for "The Meaning of the World Revolution," which Messrs. Cecil Palmer & Hayward are publishing. Our photograph of him was taken on the Russian front, one of the five fronts on which he saw service during the great war.

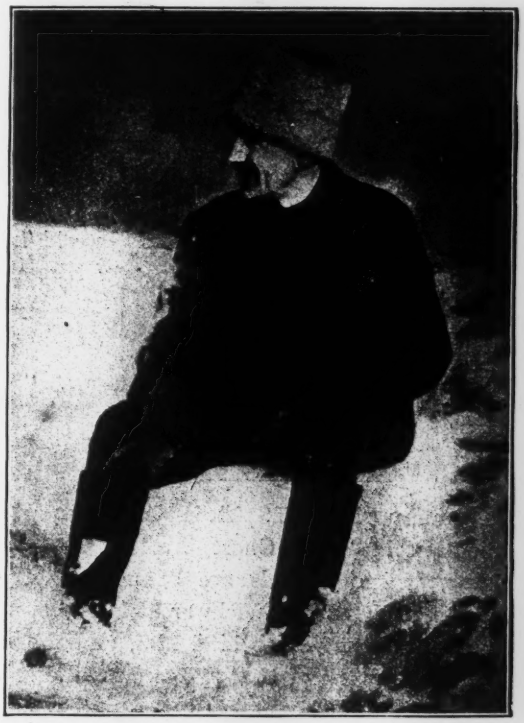
Turning aside from the humours of "Bindle" (a new series of whose adventures is starting in *Hutchinson's Story Magazine*), Herbert Jenkins has finished and is about to publish a strange romance of the secret service, "John Dene of Toronto"—a story of mystery and sensation written in the spirit of light comedy.

The same firm has in the press "Maureen," a realistic romance of modern Irish life, by Patrick MacGill; and will publish this month "The Rain Girl," a tale of three months in the present year, by the author of "Patricia Brent, Spinster."

Jeffery Farnol's new romance, "The Geste of Duke Jocelyn," written partly in prose and partly in verse, will be published shortly by Sampson Low & Co.

A selection of Donne's Sermons, edited by L. Pearsall Smith, is to be published shortly by the Oxford Press.

In his timely and impressive brochure, "A League of Religions" (1s. 3d. net. Book Room, Essex Hall), the Rev. J. Tyssul Davis makes an able, succinct study of the great religions of the world, and holds that each has its own revelation, that "various religions emphasise some special aspect of God's truth," and that there is no essential antagonism between them. "I plead," he writes in his closing chapter, "for an end of attack and controversy and strife, I plead for understanding and sympathy, I plead for a league of religions, for spiritual unity and diversity of opinions, for a syndicate of hearts that will transcend the differences of creed and race." It should be easier for a League of Religions to put an end for ever to the unworthy strife of creeds than for a League of Nations to draw mere average men into a brotherhood of Peace; or are we to take it that the politicians are more reasonable, more charitable than the priests? "The League of Religions" is worth reading and considering.



Mr. Hamilton Fyfe.

William Johnston, whose delightful story of a boy, "Limpy," Jarrolds are shortly publishing,

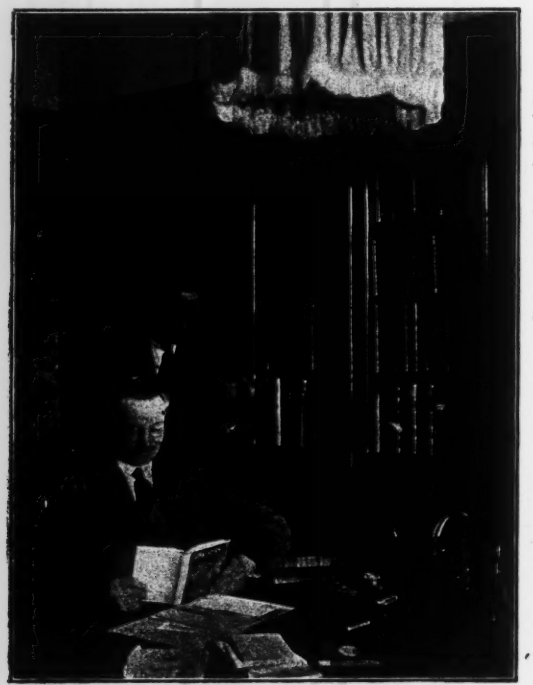
Mr. William Johnston.

is one of the editors of the *New York World*, and author of four novels, the latest of which, "The Apartment Next Door," published in America last January, has gone through many editions and is said to be one of the best selling mystery stories of the year. "Limpy" was published on the other side in 1917, and has been reissued there this year in a large popular edition. Messrs. Jarrold have arranged to follow its publication over here with other of Mr. Johnston's novels.

A new novel by Miss Ellen Glasgow, "The Builders," will be published shortly by Mr. John Murray.

The seamy side of Spiritualism comes under examination in "The Ghost World," by J. W. Wickwar, which Jarrolds are about to publish. Our portrait shows Mr. Wickwar at his table with his own ghost standing behind him, and the fact that the framework of the bookcase is discernible through the hand indicates the immaterial character of the spirit. But the photograph is a fake, the result of two carefully planned posings with exposures of unequal durations taken on the one plate.

Miss M. P. Willcocks makes a new departure in her latest novel, "The Sleeping Partner" (Hutchinson), which we review elsewhere. After publishing nine novels, some of West Country life



Mr. J. W. Wickwar, and his ghost.

Photo by S. A. Chandler & Co., Exeter.

Miss M. P. Willcocks, whose new novel, "The Sleeping Partner," has just been published by Messrs. Hutchinson.

pure and simple, such as "The Eyes of the Blind," "A Man of Genius" and "The Wingless Victory," and others with a problem interest, such as "The Way Up," dealing with Andre Gaudin, the great French pioneer in co-operative production, and "Wings of Desire," a story on the divorce question, Miss Willcocks says she decided to turn over a new leaf. It was Mr. Lyon Phelps, Professor of Literature at Yale, who told her that her "art was being spoilt by her opinions." She recognised the truth of this and determined to cut neither her opinions nor her art, but to provide a separate channel for each. This year, accordingly, Miss Willcocks brought out "Towards New Horizons" (John Lane), which is, in fact, a discussion of art, literature and politics from the standpoint of the international socialist. It has been furiously attacked, and as zealously defended by the critics, one journal calling her "a Bolshevist in petticoats," another acclaiming her as giving voice to the new European conscience. In "The Sleeping Partner" she has turned from these vexed questions and has written a story of the London publishing world from the inside. She is at work on another novel, a plain, bare tragedy of country life, and intends to follow "Towards New Horizons" with a study of the great literary international figures, Balzac, Ibsen, Tolstoi, Dostoiesvky and Hardy in relation to the decline and fall of the present civilisation.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

ALFRED HAYES.

MERE patriotism, as Edith Cavell said, is not enough. To keep the soul alive in war time required something more than a deep conviction of our cause and a share of hard work in the way of its furtherance. To have kept the soul alive in others was a mission to be proud of, and a cue for genuine gratitude. Birmingham yields to no other city in the contribution it has made for victory either in men or material, and its University has just bestowed honorary degrees upon two men who have helped to keep her standard high in thankless times. Long before he invaded London with a repertory theatre, Mr. Drinkwater had proved the efficacy of the idea by years of sound and vigorous work in Birmingham, and a city already possessed of a rich dramatic record adds this new feather to its cap. But it owes no less to Mr. Alfred Hayes for the service he has done his fellow-Midlanders in the sister arts of poetry and music. Professor Granville Bantock, as Director, has made its School of Music flourishing and famous, but he is the first to acknowledge what this owes to the Principal of the Birmingham and Midland Institute, the semi-municipal college which houses it. Close friends and neighbours for many years, they illustrate to perfection the true relationship of music and education. But whereas Mr. Bantock is a Midlander by adoption, Mr. Hayes is one by birth and tradition, and his sterling work for the city that now delights to honour him dates back for more than a generation. Length of service counts for much in these helter-skelter times; it is rather the unselfish and intrinsic quality of that service which sets him deservedly among the city's worthies—men like Baskerville and Priestley, Watt and Boulton, Sturge and Bright and Chamberlain, R. W. Dale and John Henry Newman. But it is as poet and thinker that Mr. Hayes appeals to bookmen, and here there are no local limitations.

Photo by Harold Baker.

Mr. Alfred Hayes.

Only by chance the other day there came to light a curious tribute to his work. In a northern hospital, hundreds of miles away from Warwickshire, a mechanic no longer young was confronted with a dire operation—one of those tunnels of experience where hope is the faintest of glimmers at the end of a long traverse of danger. Poverty and hard work had always cut his rations down in the way of books, but he had a few he cherished, and for one of them he sent—a book of verses—desiring the nurse to read him certain lines. They were hardly what the house-surgeon would have appointed, perhaps, for cheerful reading, but at the end our patient held out a hand to prove his pulse was equal to the ordeal, and the knife went ahead. The book was "David Westren," and the name takes one back to a region of imagination whose memories have not faded in the flight of thirty years. How much or little it owes to "Enoch Arden" it would be hard to say. Those were days when men wrote blank verse narratives without seduction and without obscenity, and precious little verse written since will compare with them. Anyone who turns to "David Westren" will find it a deep and perfect idyll, ranging through nearly every phase of fine emotion, love and grief, despair and revolt, working back to a true resignation and a calm, brave philosophy of life. Indeed this fine philosophic serenity pervades all Mr. Hayes has ever written.

Of an earlier narrative, "The Last Crusade," sent him by a friend, Stopford Brooke wrote Mr. Hayes a long letter of not unmixed appreciation in which the following occurs: "I have not read anywhere things said about Nature more happily—or with greater truth." The criticism he hinted was sound: there was an excess of landscape, perhaps, and too little action, but anyone who has read his Joinville will rejoice to find how the poet has enriched with sympathy and fancy and power the heroic story of St. Louis. "The March of Man," a later volume, unfolds the poet's gospel of humanity, one of love and faith and patience, based upon a bed-rock honesty and a loathing of all cant, injustice and sham philanthropy. Even in downright quarterstaff work like this, Mr. Hayes has never failed to show a sense of form, and it was hoped that sooner or later he would give us a poetic play. The stage is the natural medium of a poet alive to the values of character and conflict, and the power of bringing convincing action out of appealing situations and noble speech. There is all this and more in "Simon de Montfort" (Methuen) which Mr. Hayes published the other day after many years of preparation. It is no recommendation to say that its length is greater than "Hamlet," but it intensifies the reader's admiration for a man who could keep the work upon so high a plane.

Happily it has found its audience and a welcome from the keener classes of critic—the historical expert and the actor manager; and one hopes to see it on the stage at no far date, brought within the limits of the "three hours traffic" by the poet himself. And when it is produced, the public will be the richer by a masterly conception of a strenuous pioneer in English history, surrounded, as Simon was in life, by worthy and admiring friends like Roger Bacon and Bishop Grosseteste of Lincoln, patriots after his own heart, and endowed with something of his prescience and public spirit. It is no slender task to take such a man from centuries ago and make him appeal across the footlights to the hearts and brains of the audience. This is what Mr. Hayes does even in print, and the great company of his friends who combined to have it published in the unpropitious times of war, were well advised, for the work will live not merely among our chronicle-dramas, but as an imaginative textbook for the historical study schools. Here, to conclude for the present, is an example of Mr. Hayes's blank verse strain, put into the mouth of Friar Bacon as a vision of the magic of science to come. He is prophesying that men shall walk the sea-bed and ride in horseless chariots, and pierce the mountains—men, he says,

"Perchance, though here my vision grows more dim,
Shall harness that same strong incorporate steed,
Or one as yet uncaptured, to spurn the ground
And eagle-wing'd to chase the scudding clouds
Over the white inviolate mountain-peaks."

Mr. Hayes's translation of "Boris Godounov" good judges have praised as a subtle and unsurpassed attempt to bring the harmonies of Russian verse-form into English, and this was the outcome of five years close study of the language. As in his pursuit of botany and geology, of music, of the Scandinavian mythology, of birds, and all kinds of English wild life, this devotion to a formidable subject reveals the thoroughness of the man. You may not infrequently encounter him in summer time sauntering through the Cotswolds or the Mendips, or, better still, the cragsman's haunts in Lakeland. But if he has a preference it is either the valleys of the Western Midlands or else "The Vale of Arden" which gives its title to the best book of lyrics he has written. Musing or murmuring its stanzas over, one seems to breathe that quiet ecstasy of moving waters and tended pastures and clement skies which pervades the Avon and the Severn. Mr. Oliver Baker, the landscape artist, has endowed the edition de luxe of this volume with a series of lovely photogravures suggested by various passages or poems; and they could hardly be less as transcripts of nature along with verses like these:

"A land where venerable trees
Whisper to many a storied grange,
Where orchards slumber, and the breeze
Comes laden with the breath of flowers,
And all things bask, and nothing swift or strange
Disturbs the loitering hours. . . .

"The fragrance of the fresh-turned loam,
Of hawthorn bloom and breathing hay,
The slumbrous air of harvest-home,
Find each in man their counterpart,
And make the echoes of old memories play
About his listening heart."

To a man so passionately devoted to the love of birds and flowers, there is something sacred about a garden blessed with the fresh breath of the Bristol Channel, for in those Midland highlands there is nothing to intercept the south-west winds, certainly nothing of that plague of smoke and energy which the name of Birmingham connotes. It is no uncommon thing for the rarer migrants from Africa to find their way to these parts, led by favouring gales and the rich belt of woodland and meadow that stretches without a break down to the edge of the Atlantic. No man, not even T. E. Brown, has written in our time more perfect lines of gratitude to his garden than Mr. Hayes has done in his poem "My Study." He is writing of the trees that constitute his books:

"Some perish with a season's wind
And some endure;
One robes itself in snow, and one
In raiment of the rising sun
Bordered with gold—in all I find
God's signature.

"Abashed my faultful task to spell
I watch how grows
The Master's perfect colour-scheme
Of sunset, or His simpler dream
Of moonlight, or that miracle
We name a rose."

One would like to dwell upon the papers and lectures in which other aspects of Mr. Hayes's philosophy have found rich and various expression, among them a paper of real insight he wrote years ago in the *Atlantic Monthly* on the relations of music to poetry; or the lecture he has delivered upon Francis Thompson. His was the only house, save one, I believe, that Thompson ever visited, and the experience affords a vivid page or two of portraiture and recollection in Mr. Everard Meynell's "Life," showing how it takes one poet to understand another, especially such an elusive genius as the author of "The Hound of Heaven." It makes one wonder if Thompson could have achieved more if he had known the things that were to his peace, and had been favoured by Providence with the gifts that constitute Mr. Hayes an apostle of all that makes for fullness and serenity of life, the cultivation of strict form in poetry, and the rejoicing "harvest of a quiet eye."

J. P. COLLINS.

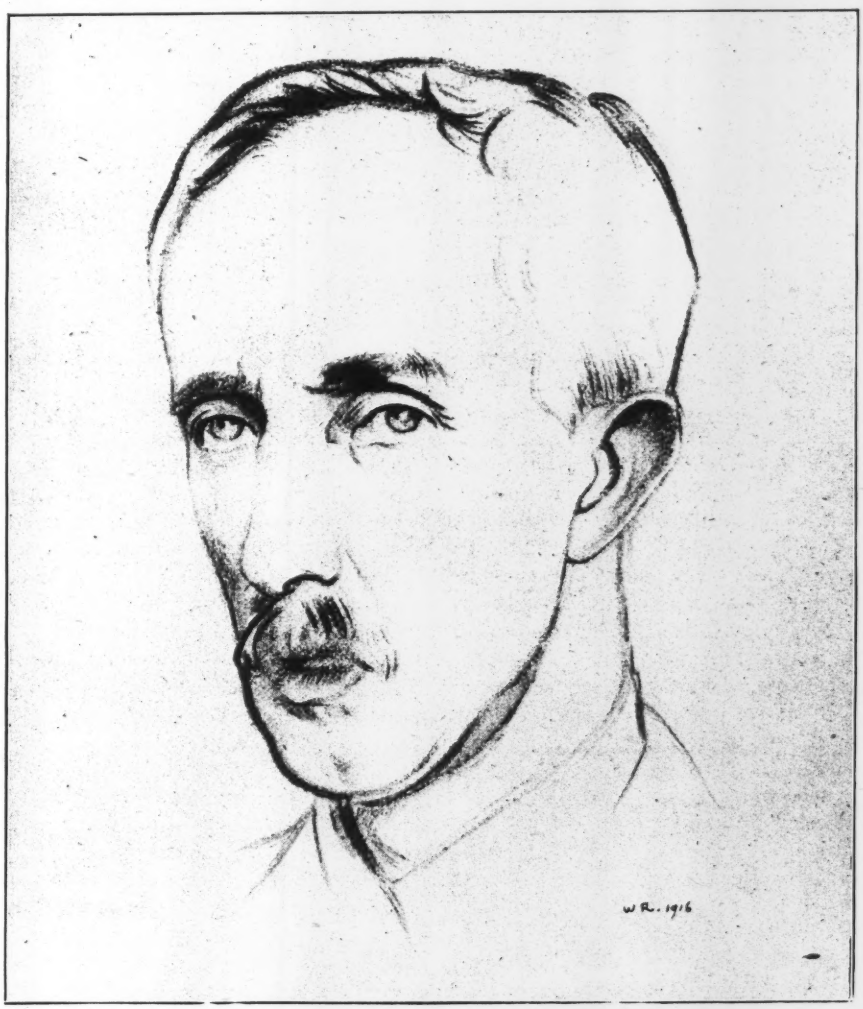
THE READER.

PROFESSOR SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

By W. M. Parker.

NO doubt we have all been witnesses, at one time or another, of the kind of reception given to the tardy postman, who, at long last, delivers up his mails to the weary-waiting recipient. His advent is hailed with less good-humour than if he had arrived at the earlier, the expectant hour. He is victimised, silently if not openly, as a reprehensible laggard, and so he anticipates a like reception at the hands of the next party he is due to face. Misgiving assails me as I start out to deliver up this belated appreciation of Professor Sir Walter Raleigh, for I feel I may find myself in the same predicament as the postman, though there follows the real consolation that it is an honour to be the deliverer, however unworthy, of the written matter of a proved man of "letters." Thwacks may descend on me for my tardiness, or for my manner of deliverance, but your hand, or stick, must surely be stayed when once you remark the precious subject of the document enclosed in the packet.

Sir Walter Raleigh maintains a reticent attitude with regard to his career, and he feels, as he has told me, "that the only way to be a free man is to be a private man. Once the public stakes out any kind of claim in you, a sort of slavery begins." Nevertheless one or two facts can be furnished to show it was neither by miracle nor by any other mysterious process he ascended unto the high chair of Oxford, from where he has now guided the destinies of young students of English literature for fifteen years. His father was the late Dr. Alexander Raleigh, a popular divine. Sir Walter was educated at the University College of London and at King's College, Cambridge. He tells us in one of his books that at Cambridge he heard Leslie Stephen lecture in the Divinity Schools: "I saw him once again, on the uplands of Cornwall, but I never again heard his voice." His next step, it appears, was to the professorship of Modern Literature, at University College, Liverpool. In 1900 he was established at Glasgow University as Professor of English Literature, a chair which had been occupied by two illustrious predecessors, Professors John Nichol and A. C. Bradley. That Sir Walter Raleigh gave additional distinction to the Glasgow professorship cannot be gainsaid. He was immensely popular as a lecturer, and, though up to this time three able contributions to letters had come from his pen, while at Glasgow he further enriched the field of literary criticism with his scholarly work on Milton. And now he continues to grace the Merton Professorship of English Literature at Oxford, where his work is held in high esteem by those who have an unerring sense for pure letters.



From a drawing by W. Rothenstein.

Professor Sir Walter Raleigh.

A touch of significance colours the

fact that Sir Walter Raleigh at Oxford and Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch at Cambridge are as un-professorial professors, in the strict sense, as it is possible to find. They would strip themselves of all the clogging conventions attached to their profession. Nothing suits them better than to shake off the gripping shackles of pedantic scholarship; they glory to let the warm sunshine of humanity stream into the lecture-room so that the dust of narrow, academic minds that has settled upon the surroundings may be stirred by the freshening airs from out-of-doors and be blown through the open window. As I said before, they are unconventional. They both have full-bloodedness and high spirits, and though Sir Walter Raleigh has never launched out upon a yacht of light fiction, such as that designed and built by his Cambridge fellow knight, he has adventured imaginatively, as his "English Voyages of the Sixteenth Century" testifies, to as far lands with his familiar Elizabethans, perhaps to "the still-vexed Bermoothes." The exuberant spirits and the human touch of these two writers find different outlet in their books.

It is not, then, in purely professorial work, though in that he has by no means been found wanting, that Sir Walter Raleigh's gifts have had their full scope. To readers of literary essays and criticism, he holds the position of an established critic. He is the author of some eight volumes, and set out on the bookshelf they look meagre in bulk, but what appears deficient in quantity is more than made up for by the quality of the contents. As far as it takes us, namely to the time of Scott, his first book, "The English Novel," is an absorbing work, though it scarcely challenges comparison with later works on the same subject that cover a much wider area, such as Saintsbury's invaluable survey. In his little essay on "Robert Louis Stevenson," he discusses R. L. S.'s style, romance, and morality with characteristic verve. Few, if any, university professors are better qualified than Sir Walter Raleigh to write on "Style," and the book in which he has expounded his views on that theme is a treasure to hold and to keep for all literary practitioners. Words of wisdom, pearls of closely-reasoned thought are contained therein. One of his happiest definitions strikes the eye immediately on reading the book—"The writer's pianoforte is the dictionary." He touches on most points in the æsthetics of the literary art. As regards his next two books, the "Milton" and the "Wordsworth," one finds it more difficult to assess their value. Admirable and scholarly as the "Milton" is, Sir Walter Raleigh seems to be less *en rapport* with this Olympian god than he proves to be when in company with the great humanist, Shakespeare. As for the "Wordsworth," I have felt that, while admitting it to be a penetrative piece of criticism, sound and sympathetic, at the same time it appeals to me as a very difficult book; and that, not on account of its style or its thought, both of which are crystal clear, but due rather to the difficulty of placing oneself in the attitude, or at the angle, from which the author views his subject. Besides his studies in Elizabethan literature (of which more presently), he has added to the ever-increasing bibliography relating to Dr. Johnson his hearty "Six Essays on Johnson," from any one of which springs more life than from many of the sterile accounts by Johnsonian experts. Look into these essays, and you will discover he gives you the very essence and expansive figure of the Doctor's personality. Miscellaneous work also stands to his credit. *The Yellow Book* of January, 1896, contains a witty, argumentative dialogue between a poet and an historian, and the whim of the conception is as irresponsible as though Sir Walter had tossed up his thoughts, as a schoolboy his cap, into the air, careless as to where or how they might fall. To "Chambers's Cyclopædia of English Literature" he has contributed the article on Rossetti, a model of condensed biography and criticism.

I have purposely laid aside his ventures into Elizabethan times for separate treatment, as to my mind they show the high-water mark of his art and scholarship. Surely it is not for nothing that his name has an Elizabethan ring about it, for there is not an aspect of the Elizabethan age that he touches that he does not adorn, from the sympathetic attitude in his "English Voyages of the Sixteenth Century" to the intensely vivid and characteristically spirited account of the Age of Elizabeth in "Shakespeare's England." Of course his "Shakespeare," in the *English Men of Letters* series, must be singled out. Overlooking the grave defect that portions of it are sadly in want of adjustment, the book remains to-day, as when it was written, a consummate critical performance, a work of critical art that stands out solitary and, in its own line, unmatched from among all the textbooks and studies written around Shakespeare. It is necessary to cull only a blossom here and there to give but an enticing whiff of the delicious aroma that pervades the garden from every tree and flower. The author would have us imagine that the outlaws in "As You Like It" "fleet the time carelessly in a paradise of gaiety and indolence, and there is summer in their hearts." "Shakespeare is subtle, fearfully and wonderfully subtle; and he is sometimes obscure, lamentably obscure." "The everlasting difficulty of Shakespeare criticism," he says "is that the critics are so much more moral than Shakespeare himself, and so much less experienced. He makes his appeal to thought, and they respond to the appeal by a display of delicate taste." Falstaff, Sir Walter Raleigh asserts, "bestrides the play like a Colossus, and the young gallants walk under his huge legs and peep about to find themselves honourable graves." He wisely observes that Shakespeare's bad "habit of over-crowding his canvas is sometimes detrimental to the main impression," but he raises a doubtful question when he pleads on behalf of boys to play the heroines of the plays, and one wonders if Sir Walter Raleigh's statement, that "the genius of latter-day actresses, who bring into the plays a realism and a robust emotion which sometimes obscure the sheer poetic value of the author's conception," is as true as he inclines to think it.

To creative criticism, Sir Walter Raleigh has brought the best of qualifications, an artist's vision, imaginative impulse and insight, individuality, an alert mind, a deeply-imbued sense of style, and a sane, sober judgment. All these traits may be found in their most finished expression in that passage of imaginative prose, with its lingering, sunset touch, in the final pages of the "Shakespeare." He employs all the functions of the writing body, as it were, and each one is in perfect working order. As a critic, he neither mingles a scientific

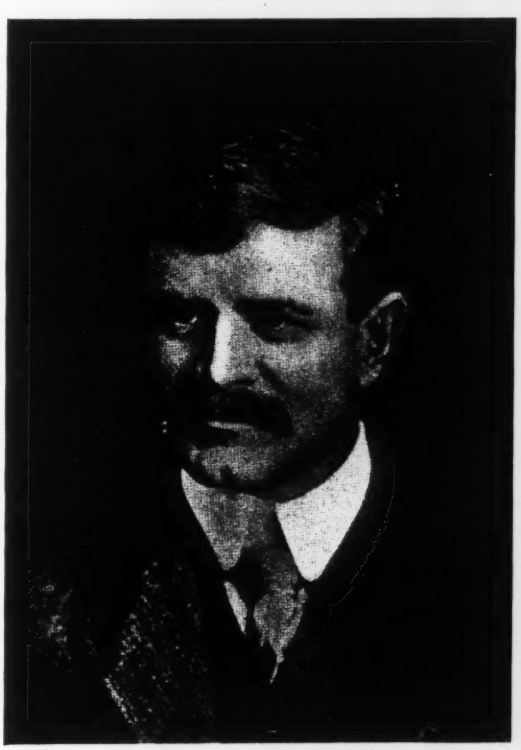
view with the æsthetic like Watts-Dunton, nor, for all his individuality, bursts out in challenging and extreme denunciation like Henley. We are never delayed by having to gaze into a pool of reflection which Professor Bradley's instinctive bent for philosophical insight so often leads us to do. According to Mr. Thomas Seccombe, "the most persuasive pen on literary matters to-day, that of Sir Walter Raleigh, pursues its course with groans of reluctance." It is information that astonishes as much as it interests, for, as he has the artist's loving care for his work, he so selects and shapes his material that it appears to be executed with the most effortless ease. We are never rudely disturbed by sudden jerkings and joltings but ride on an easy-going steed, whose grace and smoothness of movement have been acquired, we learn, by hard training.

Those who, living in the neighbourhood of Glasgow University, remember so well the familiar, lanky figure, with the slight stoop of the scholar, and the genial, smiling face that was but an outward emblem of the happy, carefree spirit lodged within, have never quite forgiven Oxford for beckoning away Sir Walter Raleigh from their midst. That is the price that has to be paid when the fame of a scholar spreads beyond the boundaries of an Alma Mater. Glasgow still possesses something of him, for there the memory of his personality and his work lives on to this day. Passing within the precincts of the University, by quadrangle, court, or stairway, one half-imagines the walls give back dreamy echoes of the silvery laugh of former years. It is but the visitation of his presence under the cunning spell of memory, but that spirit of him is always ours alone who knew him here; it could have no life for others or in any other place.

HOLIDAY AND OTHER HUMOUR.

THERE are almost as many different kinds of humour as there are different ways of writing tribal lays, and every different one of them is right—but not for everybody. Your natural inclination is to assume that the man who is not amused by what amuses you has no sense of humour, till you discover that though he yawns over Dickens, Lamb delights him; or though he goes to sleep over Thackeray, Mark Twain and Max Adler keep him awake. Hood and Ingoldsby tickle men who are not susceptible to the quieter humour of Addison and Steele. In our own day, Chesterton and Jerome, Shaw and Jacobs, Max Beerbohm and Stephen Leacock, Barrie and Barry Pain, Neil Lyons and Pett Ridge do not all appeal to the same public, but who with any pretence to catholicity of taste shall say that they are not all humorists? I am a true disciple of each of them, but I say it without pride, not only because I am not alone in being that, but because there are several humorists from whom I fail to get even a smile, yet they count their admirers by the thousand, and surely it is as likely that my own sense of humour is defective as that those thousands who laugh at what I cannot do not possess any.

Punch has commonly been taken to represent our typical English humour; perhaps because it has outlasted all its rivals and, after long years, survives, the only comic paper of its kind; but English humour is too varied to be represented by any one type. It is enough that the type represented by *Punch* is the real thing; it is not the bitter, scathing, satirical humour of deep feeling and passionate resentment, but the restrained, genial humour and witty persiflage of the urbanely philosophical looker-on. It is mainly in this spirit that "Mr. Punch's History of the Great War"[1] has been written, though, more especially in those parts that are pictorial or written in verse, it breaks from that urbanity at times into noble indignation, or some poignant utterance of the pathos and tragedy of the war or the heroism of those who have saved the world from a fate in which there could have been nothing funny. As a piquant, entertaining, mostly light but occasionally serious record of what the last five years have meant to us at home and abroad, Mr. Punch's is as accurate as any orthodox history and much more attractive.



Mr. Stephen Leacock.
Author of "The Hohenzollerns in America, and Other Impossibilities" (John Lane).

In "A Last Diary of the Great Warr,"[2] Samuel Pepys, Junr., continues his chronicle and comment from July, 1917, to the end of last year. This is as clever as the two earlier volumes in its faithful parody of the quaint style of the great Samuel, and in reproducing the dominant traits of his character in his living descendant, who gives you jottings of passing events at the front and in the political arena, but is as much concerned with his private life and his personal friends as with the more momentous doings of the nation and the world at large. All his vanities, little meannesses,

[1] "Mr. Punch's History of the Great War." Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

[2] "A Last Diary of the Great Warr." By Saml. Pepys, Junr. Illustrated by John Kettelwell. 6s. net. (John Lane.)

"The Minister had two daughters—both girls."
From "That's Me All Over, Mable" (Jarrolds).

snobberies, self-indulgences are as casually, unself-consciously revealed as in the work he imitates are those of the writer of the original Diary. There are delightfully characteristic touches in the scattered entries about the matrimonial woes of his unlovely sister, Mrs. Jackson, and the monetary losses they occasion to himself:

"Up," he writes on February 6th, 1918, "and to meet the greatest trouble and vexation (as if the times were not ill enough), by a letter from sister Pal; whose man, it seems, is run away with a land girl. Which, that Jackson should prefer another to Pal, were no matter of wonder, but that he leave her, I putting 600*l.* to her portion in consideration of his taking her, do prove him a base, ungrateful cheat; and, God helping me, I will have him back to her."

His subsequent treatment of Pal and her husband and others of his family; his portentous talk with fussy persons against the shortcomings of our leaders; his good-natured charity towards old General Pirpleton in his scandalous difficulties, are all as queerly characteristic of his ancestry as are his dabbling in war work, and his keenness for war economies that do not immediately affect himself, as when he is at his club, where

"our committee sitting upon our accompts; the 3rd time of our adjourning the matter these six weeks, and all my endeavour is to have them lessen our debt owed to the banque; but to my infinite mortification, naught done but to talk of it. So this day I move the charges of jam rolly-poley to be 8d. in lieu of 6d., and night-lights be put in the smoaking-room, with spills of paper to them in lieu of matches, as in other clubs. Which resolved, to my great content."

So, and with a hundred such intimate details, Samuel Pepys, Junr., reminds you of the little everyday facts of our lives in the abnormal period from which we are just emerging; and "Quoth the Raven——"[3] another "unofficial history of the war," is more satirically irresponsible in its treatment of those same facts; it burlesques things that happened and people who did them, and the fun of it all is that its exaggerations are never far from the truth. The Diary opens with, "War imminent. Lord Northcliffe has his teeth sharpened"; it is presently noted that "Sir Edward Carson utters Grave Warning against sedition"; and the last note, after Peace has been declared, is that "Mr. John Burns, while purchasing a Shakespearean folio, hears of the war." The same fantastic truth is in George Morrow's sinful newspaper-portraits of war brides; of men and women "unwearied by war work"; of the brave peer whose cousin has been twice wounded; and in the sketch of Lord and Lady Overbury, "having a vegetarian lunch in front of their house in Belgrave Square to set an example of frugality to the carnivorous poor." It is all the shrewdest, slyest nonsense; its genial satire touches the spot effectively, and is none the less amusing for being unflaggingly good-humoured.

There are serious streaks in "The Hohenzollerns in America,"[4] but for the most part the book is inspired by that spirit of broad farce which runs glorious riot through nearly all that Stephen Leacock has written. It begins and ends on a serious note.

And perhaps the stark righteousness of the prefatory proposal that

"the proper punishment for the Hohenzollerns, and the Hapsburgs, and the Mecklenburgs, and the Muckendorfs, and all such puppets and princelings, is that they should be made to work; and not made to work in the glittering and glorious sense, as generals and chiefs of staff, and legislators and land-barons . . . that they should work, in short, as millions of poor emigrants out of Germany have worked for generations past"; that, without any dignity or divinity of kingship, they should be made to "stand or fall, live or starve, as best they might by the work of their own hands and brains," and so prove their true value——

perhaps the stern reasonableness of this leaves one unprepared for the extravagantly burlesque account that follows of how the doddering Kaiser, with his brother Henry, Little Willie and Ferdinand of Bulgaria set about addling a livelihood after they had emigrated to America, and therefore the fun seems forced and occasionally falls rather flat, but some of the further "Echoes of the War," and all the "Other Impossibilities" except the last are excellent fooling, and the last, "Fetching the Doctor," is not an impossibility but a finely etched, exquisitely tender recollection of childhood, which seems probably the more poignant for being

[3] "Quoth the Raven——" By E. V. L. and G. M. Illustrated. 1s. 3d. net. (Methuen.)
[4] "The Hohenzollerns in America, and Other Impossibilities." By Stephen Leacock. 5s. net. (John Lane.)

in such sharp contrast to the laughing irony of "The Lost Illusions of Mr. Sims" and the irresponsible, irresistible drollery of the best of the other "impossibilities."

The humour of "That's Me All Over, Mable"[5] is commonly labelled typically American, and is of the raciest, funniest brand. A continuation of the phenomenally successful "Dere Mable," this is a further collection of those joyously fatuous letters in which Bill tells his sweetheart of his thoughts and doings whilst he is training and after he is at the front in the great war, and involuntarily reveals the simplicity, self-conceit, small parsimony and large chuckle-headedness of his own character. You may say Bill is an ass, an absurdity, but his personality is so consistently maintained and is so oddly natural and true to life that you find queer resemblances to him in actual people of your acquaintance. My own favourite among his letters is that in which he narrates how he and Joe Loomis are invited to dine with the minister who "has two daughters, both girls, and a wife. One of the girls is goodlooking and the other is more like you'd expect"; but, without exaggeration, all the letters keep you laughing both by what they have to tell and their manner of telling it.

Mr. Ernest Goodwin,
Author of "The Caravan Man" (Collins).

Whether "Irish Bulls and Puns"[6] is altogether typical Irish humour I shall not pretend to say, but, though it includes some duds, it is on the whole a capital collection of anecdotes. "Snooker Tam,"[7] anyhow, is the right Scotch stuff, and to my thinking, this story of Tam, the irrepressible young railway porter, and Maggie M'Cheery, the charming, sensible ticket girl, goes at least one better in the pawky humour and vivacity of it than that "Private Spud Tamson" with which R. W. Campbell scored his first big success. If you are only out to be amused, you may find entertainment, too, in the tale of "Guinea-Pig Smith,"[8] and his devastating doings in "the dear old sleepy parish of Muddlemere." If its humour runs thin here and there, its high spirits and liveliness are unfailing.

I can remember when Barry Pain first arose and was eulogised and denounced as a new humorist. Nowadays, to name him is to praise him, for he has mellowed into one of the cleverest, subtlest, most individual of our humorists, old or new. It is sometimes said that he would be more widely popular if he were not so subtle but gave himself over more to the obvious humours of broad farce. "The Problem Club"[9] steers a middle course, and its plots are as delightfully ingenious as its style and character-touches are easy and whimsical. The cunningest, neatest story, both in idea and narration, is that of "The Kiss Problem"—but to describe the object and bizarre adventures of the Club would take some space, so I content myself with urging you to read about them for yourself and assuring you that you will miss one of the most delectable and genuinely humorous books of the year if you don't.

Collinson Owen and Ernest Goodwin are again the real thing—they are genuine humorists as well as new ones. There is a sparkle and witty gaiety, a deftness and lightness of style in "The Adventures of Antoine"[10] that are characteristic of no other English author except Leonard Merrick. Antoine is a blithe, spirited Frenchman, a fascinating blend of simplicity and shrewdness, rash impetuosity and business acumen, and his rapid development from cashier in a newspaper office to part proprietor of a Parisian paper that, owing to the outrageous, sensational stunts he engineers for it, becomes a roaring success, is told in a series of stories that are invented and carried through in the happiest, lightest vein of light comedy. Mystery, excitement and trouble of all sorts result from Antoine's daring and often ridiculous but invariably effective enterprises, but the mystery, trouble, sensation never fail to break sooner or later into airy farce or, as at the finish, into some mood of pleasantest sentiment. An uncommonly able and enjoyable book.

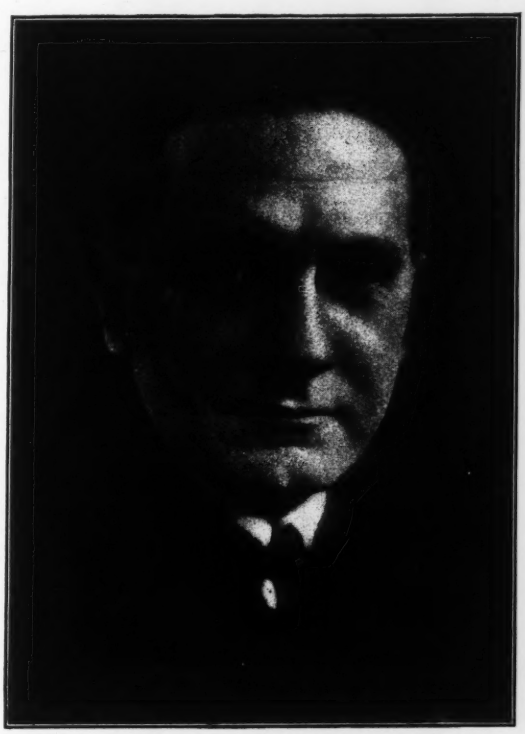


Photo by Claude Harris. **Mr. H. Collinson Owen,**
Author of "The Adventures of Antoine" (Hodder & Stoughton).

Comedy and farce are as nicely and inseparably mingled in "The Caravan Man"[11] as the red and white in a healthy complexion. The momentous, accidental meeting in Oxford Street of the unconventional, insufficiently appreciated artist, Bamfield, and the exquisite little lady, also unconventional, but controlling and strictly self-controlled, and the later meeting at his studio that came of it—all this is pure comedy, alive and piquant. Bamfield's love affair with the timorous Rose,

5 "That's Me All Over, Mable." By Lieutenant E. Streeter. Illustrated by Corporal G. W. Breck. 2s. 6d. net. (Jarrold.)

6 "Irish Bulls and Puns." By H. P. Kelly. 2s. 6d. net. (Skeffington.)

7 "Snooker Tam." By R. W. Campbell. 2s. 6d. net. (Chambers.)

8 "Guinea-Pig Smith." By Woodhouse Lane. 6s. net. (Arrowsmith.)

9 "The Problem Club." By Barry Pain. Illustrated. 7s. net. (Collins.)

10 "The Adventures of Antoine." By H. Collinson Owen. 6s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

11 "The Caravan Man." By Ernest Goodwin. 7s. net. (Collins.)

after he has anchored his caravan on the village green, is comedy, farce and dainty sentiment by turns. Farce always comes in with the grotesque Farmer Gubbins; usually with Rose's decorous aunt and grandmother, and with that grasping art dealer who comes hunting Bamfield down, and with the handsome Bertha who is involved in disastrous experiences as the consequence of sitting to Bamfield out of doors at midnight for a flash-light photograph. But who cares whether it is farce or comedy? What matters is that it is all humour—humour of incident, dialogue and character—and that it is crisply and humorously written—a book that is meant for nothing but laughter, and is what it is meant for.

Here, then, are eleven humorous books to suit the most diverse tastes. You may not like them all, but if you don't like any, you can depend that you must have got a quite unique sense of humour—or none.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

AUGUST, 1919.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best *original* lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best four lines of original verse on the town, village, or district in which the writer's holiday has been or will be spent.

(The Prize of Three New Books will be offered next month for the best account in not more than a hundred and fifty lines of prose on How I Celebrated Peace.)

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JULY.

I.—This PRIZE is divided, and HALF A GUINEA each awarded to G. Laurence Groom, of 52, Lodge Drive, Palmer's Green, N.13, and Kathleen E. Douglas, of Ranger's Lodge, Milford, Salisbury, Wilts, for the following:

MY LOVELY DEAR.

Oh, they have laid my only dear, my pretty dear, my lovely dear,
With all her laughter stilled and quiet lips without a sigh,
In the Stranger's land, a cruel land that has no heart to understand:
And laden with my sorrow the wind goes keening by.

Oh, she would lay her little hand, her tender hand, her toil-worn hand
Within my own so softly at the closing of the day,
And resting so, and holding so, together we would homeward go
Through silent moonlit meadows all sweet with dewy hay.

And now I go at close of day the well-known way, the lonely way,
Through dreaming misty meadows when the moon is riding high,
With the echo of her dancing feet, her little feet, her darling feet
Within my heart for ever, until the day I die!

G. LAURENCE GROOM.

"SMOKY CORNER."

Allus a mist at the Corner—why, there's nobody knows,
But there's allus a mist, an' a smoke, an' a fog, that lingers an' never goes;
Summer or winter, spring or fall—a filmy haze that hangs o'er all,
Where the trail swings down from the ridges brown to where the river flows.

An' the face o' the Corner's blackened, as if with a smoke o' yore—
(They say that the vanished warriors burnt victims there by the score)—
An' where the coloured creepers hung are carved some words in the Spanish tongue:
"Remember the friends who came your way, and come that way no more."

Ah, many's the shadowy evenin' I've drawn my rein an' sat
In a cloud o' bygone memories, to the click o' the wheelin' bat:
Old Bird-o'-the-Night—a come-down Chief—but a trusty friend beyond belief . . .
An' the half-grown lad poor Liddy had . . . an' Con, o' the "Coloured Cat."

An' Hal—old Hal, with his kiddies, that I somehow hoped would rise
About my childless knees . . . an' Rose, long gone to Paradise. . . .

Old Mammy Lucas, who heard my call, an' nussed me—
an' Sadie . . . where are they all?
Allus a mist at the Corner—yes . . . if it's on'y acrost
yer eyes.

KATHLEEN E. DOUGLAS.

We also select for printing:

RECOMPENSE.

You will grow old with Happiness, but I,
Who have been Grief's beloved friend so long,
Shall keep my youth green with miraculous tears
And have for ever ringing in my ears
The wild sweet tune of hope's undying song.

You will sit drowsy with Content, but I
Shall leap each day to fling my windows wide
And breathless wait for God's most precious things—
And maybe I shall glimpse, with flashing wings
And hidden face, the one dream still denied.

So you will sleep at last, and being dead
Your quiet dust shall rest with nothing said,
But I, made quick by passionate songs, shall rise
And bring God's angels trooping with wide eyes
To hear me, at the gates of Paradise.

(Rachael Bates, "The Orchard," Victoria Road, Great Crosby, near Liverpool.)

SACRIFICE.

For justice and for right they died,
All true, and yet for much beside—
A cottage in the countryside—

Or house in some drab thoroughfare,
With noisy children playing there
And summer smirched by stifling air

For Britain, and for Honour's fame,
But other things of dearer name,
Lest War should scorch with ruddy flame—

Some humble woman's toil-worn face,
Some child, with love's discernéd grace—
Some shabby room—Home's Holy Place.

(Ivan Adair, 54, Palmerston Road, Dublin.)

TO A GIRL I DO NOT KNOW.

Oh, when you come to me, I do not pray
That beauty shall be yours. Beauty, the pride
That fades unwillingly as summer's day
And dies at length, leaving me tearful-eyed
Seeing the thing I loved in you has died.

I will not ask for this if you forgive
As God forgives, utterly. If you bear
With me my littleness, and wisely shrine
My poor mean sins, knowing I could not dare
High paths of self-denial and you not there.

Oh, when you come to me I will not crave
Wisdom in you. But, dear, I want you kind
And pitiful. With your sweet laughter brave
Still all my old unrest, and let me find
There healing for a discontented mind.

Oh, girl I do not know! Hidden within
Your temple white, hold all the things I prize
Above the fading folly men would win.
Then shall I find, oh good and truly wise,
Beauty and wisdom deep down in your eyes.

(P. J. Battle, 20, Springfield, Clapton Common, London, E.5.)

We select for special commendation the lyrics sent by C. R. Price (Wellington), M. L. Gledstone (South Croydon), Barbara Angrave (Melton Mowbray), M. B. (Calne), Geoffrey Dearmer (York), Leslie Comber (Vlamertinghe), M. Bernard Knight (Farnborough), Marjorie Crosbie (Wolverhampton), Kathleen Ida Noble (Walthamstow), Robert C. Bodker (Streatham Hill), Mrs. J. G. Fetherstonhaugh (Bundoran), J. Richard Ellaway (Basingstoke), F. W. Macnamara; R. A. Finn (Surbiton), Joyce Frideswide Powell (Liverpool), A. G. McClellan (Edinburgh), Miss H. J. Smith (London, S.E.), Isabel Corbett (Penarth), Eileen Newton (Whitby), E. (Highgate), May E. Kevin (Belfast), Mary C. Mair (Guildford), Delphine Stringer (London, S.W.), Eileen Carfrae (London, S.W.), M. E. Morris (Torquay), Lucy Malleson (London, W.), "Shamrock" (Taunton), L. Catterall (Chorley), Una Malleson (London, W.), Margaret Brooking (Gloucester), George Johnston (London, S.E.), J. W. van Druten (Brondesbury), F. N. Jellicoe (Brixton), Mary Wiseman (Colchester), Cyril G. Taylor (Grantown-on-Spey), Edith Allen (Llandaff), Lillian Chapman (Chelsea), Audrey Haggard (South Kensington), May Herschel Clarke (Woolwich), J. A. B. (London, N.), Alfred Victor Waller (Sunderland), Lettie Cole (Pontrilas,) Anna Walker (Sleights), William Mitchell (Great Yarmouth), H. G. Holland (Hove), Jessie Jackson (Beverley), K. (Blackheath), H. R. Smith (Newcastle-on-Tyne), Charlotte Brooke (Ilkley), Vyvian Silvestre; Beatrice Skilton (Forest Gate), Edith E. Hammond (Ruthin), "Thistle" (Hampton Hill), Winnifred Tasker (Llandudno), Egbert Sandford (Haulbowline), W. V. J. Kitley (Alvaston), Doreen M. Dillon (Lee, S.E.), Ratan K. Nehru (Allahabad), Florence M. Pomeroy (Newport, Essex), Charles J. Kirk (Darlington), H. N. Forbes (Sheffield), E. M. H. Harrington (Folkestone), Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown (Eastbourne), "Penruff" (Ealing), Phyllis Erica Noble (Walthamstow), Miss E. A. Quirk (Eastbourne).

"If you want all them threepennies, you'd better get them out of the blanky offertory-bag next Sunday."

From "The Problem Club," by Barry Pain (Collins).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to the Rev. F. Hern, Rowlands Castle, Hants, for the following:

THE MAN WHO TRIED EVERYTHING.
BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE POINTING MAN."
(Hutchinson.)

"Has earned a night's repose."
LONGFELLOW, *The Village Blacksmith.*

We also select for printing:

THE WOMEN OF '98. BY HELENA CONCANNON.
(Gill.)

"Young men no longer suddenly catch their breath
When you are passing."
W. B. YEATS, *Broken Dreams.*

(Sidney S. Wright, 12, Swanley Lane, Swanley, Kent.)

THE CANDLE OF VISION. BY "A. E."
(Macmillan.)

"The light that never was on sea or land."
WORDSWORTH, *Nature and the Poet.*

(Pattie Williamson, of 98, Marlcliffe Road, Wadsley, Sheffield.)

THE FLAPPER'S MOTHER. BY MADGE MEARS.
(John Lane.)

"Bird thou never wert."
SHELLEY, *Ode to a Skylark.*

(J. I. Dean, Coppenhall, Stafford.)

A WOMAN OF ACTION. BY PAUL TRENT.
(Ward, Lock.)

"She'd two black eyes, a broken nose,
And bruises half a score."
G. R. SIMS, *Christmassing.*

(Irene Lalonde, 14, Forester Road, Bath.)

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best eight lines of verse expressing a dog's opinion of muzzling or of those who muzzle him, is awarded to Ethel M. Cooke, of 3, Cavendish Road, Clapham Common, S.W.4, for the following:

I am thy dog: I love thee tho' thou slayest!
Mine eyes are on thee, patient as of old;
Mute in their depths the heart thy wit betrayest
Proffers thee largesse of despiséd gold.

Had I thy power, wert thou, as I, the puzzled
And piteous suppliant, could I turn away,
Think'st thou, unheeding, calm, while thou wast muzzled?
As my love shames thine own, I tell thee, nay!

We select for special commendation from the large number of replies received the six sent by Jessie Jackson (Beverley), Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown (Eastbourne), B. Noel Saxelby (Manchester), Doris Westwood (Sutton Coldfield), Robert A. Guthrie (Glasgow), Mrs. Alice Wise (Leicester).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review is awarded to Eric N. Simons, of 10, Endcliffe Rise Road, Sheffield, for the following:

THE UNDYING FIRE. BY H. G. WELLS. (Cassell.)

The theological bias of Mr. Wells's recent work leaves no room for surprise that his latest novel should be a modern Book of Job. Opening with a daring Prologue, its main theme is the trials and tribulations of Mr. Huss, an idealistic head master. In the long metaphysical discussion arising out of his misfortunes, Huss, embittered by suffering, attacks God, but a vision revealing to him the Invisible King, he thenceforward defends Him stoutly against orthodoxy, commercialism, and materialism. The book is cleverly written and ends happily, but one wishes its author would remember that laughter, too, is of the Gods.

We also select for printing:

MY REST CURE. BY GEORGE ROBEY.
(Grant Richards.)

The beloved magician of Leicester Square was overworked, so he booked rooms at the Sunrise Arms, Little Slocum, and prepared to vegetate. The fates gave him no chance to rest. Trouble began before the cab had started for Paddington nor ended till he was back again with his face towards Piccadilly. Mothers' meetings, concerts and sports had been arranged at Slocum in honour of George Robey. He was greeted, upon arriving, with "The Bing Boys" from the village brass band. What he endured before he escaped from the rural spot the reader learns in the rollicking records of this preposterous diary.

(M. A. Newman, The Hill, Framlingham.)

JINNY THE CARRIER. BY ISRAEL ZANGWILL.
(Heinemann.)

Mr. Zangwill's inordinate cleverness has never been so adequately and abundantly demonstrated as it is in this photographic representation of early Victorian social conditions and Nonconformist mentality. It is a simple tale of two lovers with their mutual attractions to, and repulsions from, each other. The development of the story is leisurely, though steady and relentless, but it is a perfect gold-mine of rustic psychology and commonplace character delineation. While the general fabric of the novel is woven out of the eternal love motive, its basic structure consists of a curious and fanciful theme of sex antagonism cleverly worked out.

(William Saunders, 102, Comiston Road, Edinburgh.)

We select for special commendation the reviews by S. A. Griffiths (Ferndale), Frederick Willmer (Ramsay, I.O.M.), C. R. Price (Wellington), Frances E. Pearce (Holborn), Isabelle Griffin (Wolverhampton), Miss L. Mugford (London, S.W.), R. Bentley (Tonbridge), Sybilla Kirkland Vesey (Glenfarg), M. B. (Stowmarket), B. Noel Saxelby (Manchester), G. M. Field (Earl's Court), Evelina I. San Garde (Accrington), P. G. Suttle (Cambridge), M. C. Jobson (Bedford), X. Y. Z. (Halifax), Sidney S. Wright (Swanley), D. Hare (Bath), Jessie Jackson (Beverley), Edith MacBean (Bristol), Gerald McMichael (Birmingham), W. Curran Reedy (Forest Gate), Florence Parsons (Altrincham), A. E. Gowers (Haverhill), Eve Casey (London, W.C.), May W. Harrison (Lincoln), Miss M. J. Dobie (Mouldsworth), G. Ralton Barnard (York), Robert C. Bodker (Streatham Hill), M. McDonnell (Lancaster), W. Swayne Little (Dublin), Harold Downs (Bath), R. Clough (Scarborough).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION to THE BOOKMAN for the best suggestion is awarded to Maude R. Fleeson, of 26, Chatham Grove, Withington, Manchester.

HERMAN MELVILLE (1819–1891): A CENTENARY TRIBUTE.

BY F. C. OWLETT.

HERMAN MELVILLE was born in New York on August 1st, 1819—the birth-year of Whitman and Lowell and, on this side the Atlantic, of Ruskin, Kingsley and "George Eliot." Allan Melville, the father, was a New York merchant, who, when not engaged in merchandising, was immersed in metaphysics. He was of good family, and had travelled extensively, and young Herman had many opportunities,

of which he seems fully to have availed himself, of storing his mind with the travel-lore contained in books, and the personal wander-tales told by his father and his father's friends. The family fortunes, however, were in decline. Allan Melville, dying, left his wife eight children and an impoverished exchequer. In 1837, Herman, being then eighteen years of age, shipped as a cabin-boy on a vessel trading to Liverpool. He has given us an account of his impressions on this, his first voyage, in "Redburn" (1849). In the words of Mr. H. S. Salt: "It is a record of bitter experience and temporary disillusionment—the confessions of a poor, proud youth, who goes to sea 'with a devil in his heart,' and is painfully initiated into the unforeseen hardships of a seafaring life." Mr. Masefield confesses to a personal fondness for "Redburn," but thinks that "one must know New York and the haunted sailor-town of Liverpool to appreciate that gentle story thoroughly."

On his return to America, Melville entered the teaching profession, and for a while was usher in a school at Green Bush, New York. In view of his method of "downing" refractory pupils with his fists, it is not surprising that he quickly came to the conclusion that Nature had not intended him for a pedagogue.

In 1840 there was published a book which cunningly appealed to Melville and stirred again his passion for the sea. This was Richard Henry Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast"—an account of a voyage made by its author (a Harvard graduate whose studies had been interrupted by an affection of the eyes) round Cape Horn to California and back. On New Year's Day, 1841, Melville embarked at New Bedford on his second voyage, sailing as a forecastle hand in the *Acushnet*, a whaler, the *Dolly* of his books.

In consequence of the tyranny of the captain, Melville and a shipmate deserted the whaler at Nukahiva and made their way inland to the Typee valley. Here they were made prisoners by the cannibal natives, who kept them in close captivity for four months, treating them meantime with a solicitude, and feeding them with a liberality which, under all the circumstances, was disquieting. Melville's companion, Bob, ultimately effected his escape, Melville himself being rescued later by the captain of an Australian whaling barque, who had put in at the island to obtain possible recruits. Here, then, in bald summary, are the facts in the case of "Typee"—with its sequel, one of the most fascinating books ever written. Who that has once made their acquaintance is ever afterwards likely to forget King Mehevi, the patriarchal Marheyo and his son Kory-Kory—most faithful of valets—and Fayaway—beauteous nymph of the strange blue eye and the hands of a countess—confiding tender-hearted Fayaway?

"Omoo" (literally "The Rover") continues the story aboard the *Julia*, where first we meet the irrepressible Doctor Long Ghost, "a tower of bones, with a complexion absolutely colourless, fair hair, and a light, unscrupulous grey eye twinkling occasionally with the very devil of mischief." It is a queer medley of practical jokings, conspirings, round-robins, mutiny—ending appropriately in the Calabooza Beretanee (English jail) at Papeetee, Tahiti, under the eye of the Consul. The *Julia* sails without the malcontents, and the Consul, presently finding himself in a quandary on their account, orders a jail-delivery. Melville and Long Ghost got across to the neighbouring island of Eimeo, and as to what they did, and what befell them in that Polynesian garden—it is all set down in the book.

Robert Louis Stevenson, at some time during those dreary months of poverty and sickness at San Francisco in 1880, chanced to discover "Typee" and "Omoo." More correctly, the books were lent to him by his friend Charles W. Stoddard. The sequel came when—having bought the yacht *Casco* out of money which had come to him on the death of his father in May, 1887—he sailed on June 28th, 1888, for the South Seas. Exactly one month later, the *Casco* dropped her anchor in Anaho Bay, in Melville's own Nukahiva. The rest of the story is familiar to every reader of Stevenson's works.

"There are but two writers," he says, "who have touched the South Seas with any genius, both Americans: Melville and Charles Warren Stoddard; and at the christening of the first and greatest, some influential fairy must have been neglected; 'He shall be able to see,' 'He shall be able to tell,' 'He shall be able to charm,' said the friendly godmothers; 'But he shall not be able to hear,' exclaimed the last." It is good to have this tribute to the genius and charm of the author of "Typee" and "Omoo," from the consummate craftsman of "In the South Seas." At the same time I have never yet been able to "lay hold on" Stevenson's meaning in that last clause. The whole allusion occurs, it will be remembered, in one of those melancholy and impressive chapters on disease and death in the islands, and if the disability which Tusitala affects to see in his predecessor has relation to the absence from those earlier books of vital statistics and moralisings among the tombs, then here is one reader, at any rate, who would not have those "real romances" to be other than they are, nor exchange them for all the blue books ever compiled. I can only suppose that for a brief moment the artist in Stevenson slept. That Melville had ears to hear is made abundantly clear in his writings, it seems to me, and it is only fair to him to consider the circumstances under which he wrote his great romances of the islands, and the fact that, from beginning to end they are quite frankly tales of adventure—true tales, of course, but *tales*.

When at length, in the autumn of 1844, Melville landed again in America, it was from the deck of an old man-o'-war, the frigate *United States*, which many years before had captured H.M.S. *Macedonian* from the British. He tells the story of his long homeward journey in his book "White Jacket" (wherein the frigate is rechristened *Neversink*). Mr. Masefield declares that nobody nowadays should read Marryat, or Chamier, who has not at his finger-ends a few pages of Smollett and the whole of "White Jacket." And quite apart from the fact that the book contains some of its author's best passages and most characteristic bits of humour, he undoubtedly intended it to be read mainly for the picture it presents of life in the navies of the world in his own and the preceding generation. His graphic description and vehement denunciation of the use of the "cat," and the powerfully ironical account of the surgical operation conducted by old Cuticle, the Surgeon of the Fleet, are among the most memorable things

from his pen. Mr. St. Loe Strachey notes, also, that though Melville "wrote at a time when English insolence and pig-headedness and Yankee bumptiousness made a good deal of ill-blood between the two peoples, he feels that, on the sea at least, it is the English kin against the world."

Coming at last to treat of "Moby Dick," one feels the utter futility of any attempt to convey a just idea of that marvellous tale. "In that wild, beautiful romance"—the words are Mr. Masefield's—"Herman Melville seems to have spoken the very secret of the sea, and to have drawn into his tale all the magic, all the sadness, all the wild joy of many waters. It stands quite alone; quite unlike any other book known to me. It strikes a note which no other sea writer has ever struck." Here is a book about which Criticism is wonderfully agreed. Whatever the faults of it, there is only one opinion—as far as I have been able to discover there has never been more than one opinion touching its greatness. Writing people who have read it and have written around it—however diverse the judgments they may have pronounced on other books, and whatever the critical doctrines they may severally swear to—unite in acclaiming "Moby Dick" as the finest sea book ever written in English. That a finer will ever be written is simply not to be conceived. The crown of this king of the sea writers is secure as Shakespeare's own.

In 1847 Melville married Miss Shaw, a lady belonging to Massachusetts, and commenced housekeeping in Boston. Subsequently he removed to New York, having received an appointment in the Customs Department there. In 1861 he made another trip round the Horn, to San Francisco, where he lectured. During the Civil War he wrote a number of poems, but otherwise took no hand in public affairs, being content to spend the remaining years of his life peacefully among his books and pictures and in the circle of his friends.

Mr. Shorter and others have styled Melville the American Borrow. To a certain extent the implied comparison is just. Both were vagabonds, in the sense of Alexander Smith's delightful essay of that title; both knew how to turn their vagabondisings to good account in the weaving their experiences into fascinating narrative; both had the poetic vision; both had humour.

Melville, however, was much more of the idealist than Borrow, who at bottom was a realist. Melville's idealism frequently became transcendentalism. In transcendental mood he conceived and fashioned "Moby Dick." It is the finest sea story in the world. In transcendental mood he wrote "Mardi," "Pierre," and other books equally unreadable. The robuster humour of Borrow saved him from perpetrating a "Pierre"; his greater matter-of-factness prevented his ever giving to the world a "Moby Dick."

Melville's humour is of a subtler and more intimate quality than Lavengro's. It permeates his work—is, indeed, the vital essence of it—charging it through and through, and playing on it from without as it were, lambent always save in those great moments when it breaks and surges in riot. His style is spontaneous, buoyant, rich—with the richness of seventeenth century prose (Mr. Strachey has pointed out the literary kinship of Melville with Sir Thomas Browne). His best descriptive passages reach the highest level of impassioned prose, and even in those books where he falls farthest from literary grace, he never loses his sense of the force and the colour of words. It may even be contended that the badness of his worst work is due to an overdevelopment of this same sense, which, in its relation to our author's other excellent qualities, exhibited at times the dangerous tendencies of an Aaron's rod. Let it be conceded that Borrow on occasion achieves greater effects, in spite of—shall we say because of?—his terser statement of fact, and the simplicity and angularity that are the marks of his style. The throes of composition were very real with Borrow; his books were produced only after sore travail. He (who never confessed anything) might have confessed with Milton that he wrote prose as it were with his left hand (which is not to say that the Lavengro ever wrote, or was capable of writing, *poetry*).

Both Melville and Borrow were men of dauntless spirit. When, however, one reads of how Melville's apprehension of a flogging came nigh causing him to hurl his captain overboard, one hardly dares to speculate—not on what Borrow in a like situation would have done, so much as at what moment precisely he would have done it—an important consideration under all the circumstances. In other days, and under other conditions, Borrow would have been a Drake. The singeing of a papistical potentate's beard would have been an operation after his own heart. His defiant humour would have anticipated Van Tromp's broom. Melville was a more tractable being. His father belonged to an old Scottish family, his mother to the Dutch family of Gansevoort. Such blood-mingling affords as sufficient a warranty for coolness and discretion as for intrepidity.

Of the two men, Borrow was the more thoroughgoing rebel. Each was capable of great overthrowings, but Melville had what Borrow lacked—the imagination that constructs. It is significant that Borrow never created a character. If his characters live (and who shall deny that they live?) it is in spite of him, and because they are not the creatures of his imagination. He had met them one and all—had dwelt with them, fought with them, conjugated Armenian verbs with them, drunk ale with them. His supreme moments were his aggressive moments, and they, unlike Campbell's hours of bliss, were neither few nor far between. Melville has his iconoclastic passages—and very effective they are—but if we would match the "Appendix" to the "Romany Rye," we must go back to such masters of vituperative prose as Milton and Swift. Finally, if the investing the commonplace with the indefinable spirit of Old Romance be held to be an achievement greater than the intensifying a fascination already exerted by circumstances of distance and unsatisfying rumour, then there can be only one Borrow. In which view, be it clearly understood, there is nothing at all derogatory to the genius of the American romancer.

The great books, then, are "Typee" (1846), "Omoo" (1847), "White Jacket" (1850), and "Moby Dick, or The Whale" (1852)—these four. Melville's other books, e.g., "Mardi" (1848), "Pierre" (1852), "Israel

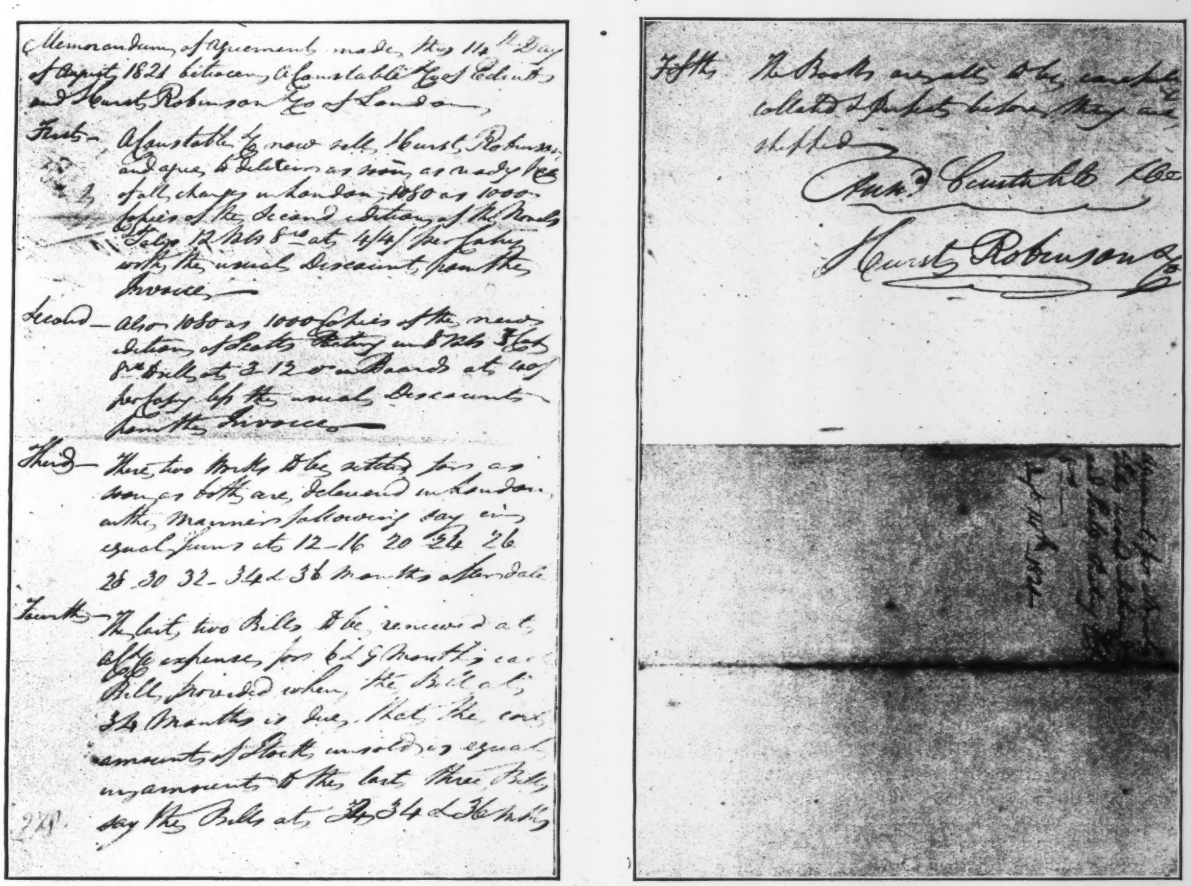
Potter" (1855), "Piazza Tales" (1856), and "The Confidence Man" (1857) must be accounted failures, in spite of some excellent writing (particularly in "Mardi" and in "Israel Potter," the latter of which was praised by Hawthorne for its delineations of Franklin and Paul Jones), because, in them, the transcendentalist and metaphysician too often triumphed over the artist and poet. The difference between "Typee" and "Pierre" is the difference between Philip drunk and Philip sober. That Philip should ever have been drunk is unfortunate; that Philip in his cups, as it were, should have wielded the pen, is hard lines on Philip sober. Had Melville's masterpieces, indeed, been less masterly they would hardly have availed to save their writer's memory from the oblivion which at one time seemed to threaten it.

SCOTT AND THE BOOKSELLERS.

A Vital Link in the Story of the Poet-Novelist's Financial Disaster.

By Davidson Cook, F.S.A.Scot.

In a Letter of Claudius Clear on "The Family of Sir Walter Scott," several interesting references were made to the financial morass from which Scott strove so gallantly to extricate himself by the aid of his "grey goose quill." Bookmen will be interested in seeing the facsimile of an original agreement between Archibald Constable & Co. of Edinburgh, and Hurst, Robinson & Co. of London, for the sale of Scott's works. I was fortunate enough to secure it for a few shillings, from the catalogue of a London bookseller, who evidently had no idea of its significance in connection with the affairs of "the wizard of the north." This document, with its £1 blind stamp faintly discernible under the word "First," is one of the momentous agreements which involved the affairs of Sir Walter Scott with those of Hurst, Robinson & Co., the London booksellers, whose big failure caused that of the Constable House, overwhelmed Ballantyne the printers in the crash, and brought financial disaster to the secret partner, the Laird of Abbotsford.



Reduced facsimile of agreement for sale of Scott's works.

"Memorandum of agreement made this 14th Day of April 1821 between A. Constable & Co. of Edinb. and Hurst Robinson & Co. of London.

"First — A. Constable & Co. now sell Hurst Robinson and agree to deliver as soon as ready free of all charges in London 1080 as 1000 Copies of the Second edition of the Novels & Tales 12 Vols. 8vo at 4/4/ per Copy with the usual Discount from the Invoice—

"Second—Also 1080 as 1000 Copies of the new edition of Scott's Poetry in 8 vols. F.-Cap 8vo to sell at 3–12–0 in Boards at 40/ per Copy less the usual Discount from the Invoice—

"Third—These two Works to be settled for as soon as both are delivered in London in the manner following say in equal sums at 12—16—20—24—26—28—30—32—34 & 36 months after date.

"Fourth—The last two Bills to be renewed at A. C. & Co. expense for 6 & 9 months each Bill provided when the Bill at 34 months is due that the net amount of Stock unsold is equal in amount to the last three Bills say the Bills at 32, 34 & 36 mths.

"Fifth—The Books are all to be carefully Collated and perfect before they are shipped.

"ARCHD. CONSTABLE & Co.
"HURST ROBINSON & Co."

Lockhart, in his "Life of Scott," does not mention this Agreement in dealing with the 1821 period, but in his 1825 chapter he says: "Among other hints to the tune of *periculosæ plenum opus aleæ* which reached my ear, were some concerning a splendid bookselling establishment in London, with which I knew the Edinburgh house of Constable to be closely connected in business. Little suspecting the extent to which any mischance of Messrs. Hurst & Robinson must involve Sir Walter's own responsibilities, I transmitted to him the rumours in question as I received them."

In his next chapter, Lockhart speaking of Constable's difficulties, says: "The house of Hurst, Robinson & Co. had long been his London agents and correspondents; and he had carried on with them the same traffic in bills and counter-bills that the Canongate Company [Ballantyne's] did with him—and upon a still larger scale."

In Sir Walter's diary, 18th December, 1825, we find: "Cadell came at eight to communicate a letter from Hurst and Robinson, intimating they had stood the storm." On January 16th, 1826, he wrote—"Came through cold roads to as cold news. Hurst and Robinson have suffered a bill to come back upon Constable, which I suppose infers the ruin of both houses. We shall soon see."

The crash came. Constable's obligations amounted to £256,000; those of Hurst & Robinson to about £300,000. The first firm paid 2s. 9d. in the pound, and the latter about 1s. 3d. The liabilities of James Ballantyne & Co. the printers (in which house Scott had been a secret partner since 1805) amounted to £117,000. Instead of "failing" like the booksellers, Sir Walter devoted the rest of his life, and all the power of his pen, to the service of his creditors. In the words of Lockhart: "He paid the penalty of health and life, but he saved his honour and his self-respect."

New Books.

"1914."*

Few generals, if any, have undertaken their *apologia* with more ability than Lord French. The precision of his style, the vividness of the little descriptive vignettes which give life to his narrative, his power of keeping the situation as he saw it—or as he now thinks he saw it—before the mind of the reader, might well excite the envy of the most brilliant of war correspondents. But it is not for merely literary delight that the world of to-day, and of a hundred years hence, will turn to the memoirs of the British Commander-in-Chief in the all-critical days of 1914 and 1915. This book takes a permanent and a prominent place in the literature of the greatest war the world has ever seen. It speaks with authority, the authority of one of the chief actors in the great tragedy who now explains how he understood his part and gives his version of how he played it. It is not of course, even now, the only version. Every year that follows will present us with yet more versions. But always it will be referred to as a vital document in the great controversy upon which military historians, abandoning Waterloo and Gettysburg, will exhibit their argumentative acumen—the real value of the British participation in the war up to the battle of the Aisne, and their part in the decisive first battle of Ypres.

On this controversy Lord French's book throws of course the most vivid light in its detailed description of his forces and dispositions, and also scarcely less important illumination in its involuntary admissions and suppressions.

The blame for the battle of Mons itself does not, certainly, rest with General French. The whole Allied strategy—and its intelligence—was at fault. The French and British expected to concentrate behind the Sambre and, pivoting on Namur, sweep forward and join hands with the Belgians on the Dyle. The Belgians waited for them until August 18th—*vide* pp. 45–46 of Lord French's book—and then retreated with some precipitation into Antwerp. Both French and British were late in concentrating, and it is perfectly evident that they were surprised and attacked in their concentration-area by forces of whose strength they had the most imperfect idea. The famous Retreat followed.

Here comes the controversy. The French allege that the British retreated with such precipitation (once the retreat was started, in which our Allies admit the initiative) that they failed to furnish the expected help at the battle of Guise; that they made impossible a stand north of the Marne; that they were one day's march to the rear ahead of the French and that consequently when the Allies turned round they were behindhand in giving effective support; that they immobilised, by their unnecessary nervousness in asking for help, the French 8th Division urgently required by Maunoury in his battle on the Ourcq; and that by failing to crush von Marwitz's cavalry screen they lost the full fruits of the battle of the Marne. There is no question, of course, of the valour of the British soldier—it is the British generalship which is challenged.

Lord French's account of these operations is obviously

* "1914." By Field-Marshal French of Ypres, K.P., O.M., etc. Maps. 21s. net. (Constable.)

orientated by his displeasure with General Smith-Dorrien. To that general's battle at Le Cateau is imputed the subsequent failure to make the stand demanded of the British, not only by Joffre, but (evidently in response to appeals from the French to the British Government) by Lord Kitchener. It is evident that both French and British Governments felt that General French was unnecessarily nervous. He admits his apprehensions, but maintains that he was justified—he admits, implicitly, a grave responsibility.

"On the morning of the 31st . . . the demand that we should stand and fight was not only urgently repeated, but was actually backed by imperative messages from the French Government, and from Lord Kitchener and the British Government. . . . I retain the most profound belief that had I yielded to these violent solicitations, the whole Allied Army would have been thrown back in disorder over the Marne, and that Paris would have fallen. . . . I refused" (p. 95).

It is scarcely necessary to point out that "the whole Allied Army" was not the responsibility of General French, but of General Joffre, and that French's refusal to fight was at least as unpardonable as Smith-Dorrien's unauthorised action at Le Cateau. It is impossible not to suspect that General French was at this time unduly impressed with the Allied inferiority and this suspicion might be fortified with a dozen little unconscious admissions in the memoirs which the historian of the future will seize upon.

Of the battle of the Marne "1914" gives no clear picture. Lord French denies categorically that he immobilised the French 8th Division. Under analysis, one can see that the British participation was not energetically pressed home, but (in Lord French's description) it is not obvious. One is left with but a hazy idea of that epoch-making contest.

For the check at the Aisne Lord French was certainly not responsible. He was working in close conjunction with the French and merely shared the ideas common to the Allied High Command at that period. His transference of the British to the north was, equally certainly, good generalship brilliantly performed.

The account of the battle of Ypres is most detailed, as far as the British are concerned, and, within those limits, accurate. The reader may be pardoned for imagining that the British fought this battle alone (whereas, in fact, compared with the French they were in a minority) and for failing to realise that Foch was in virtual command over all this northern area, sent there hurriedly when all seemed lost. It is true that over the British he had only persuasive powers—but he exercised those persuasive powers to the full. Once more, there is no dispute as to the valour of the British soldier—at the first battle of Ypres he filled the breach with his body, which, in an appalling percentage, he left there.

With regard to the much-bruited domestic controversy about ammunition, every soldier who was there will emphatically maintain that Lord French is in the right. There *was* a shortage, a fatal shortage. Again, it is impossible not to believe that Lord French was in the right when he pressed for the recovery of the Belgian coast in the winter of 1914—if it could be done at all, it could be done then, and only then. He was right also in his emphatic disapproval of the insane Dardanelles expedition which crippled him throughout 1915. The military critic will, however, await with some interest Lord French's explanation of why, when he was admittedly thus crippled, he undertook the foredoomed offensives of March 10th, May 9th, and September 25th of that year. He will also be interested to read Lord French's defence of his tactical arrangements on those dates, and particularly of his handling of the army reserve on the last-named day of costly memory.

But, controversial points notwithstanding, Lord French's "1914" is a most ably written and highly important contribution to the history of the war which no student should omit from his shelves and which everybody ought to read. It is a lesson on inadequate preparation.

F. BRITTEN AUSTIN.

ENGLISH RELIGION.*

Dr. Figgis offers in this volume a collection of sermons which have been preached before Oxford and Cambridge Universities and in various London churches like All Saints', Margaret Street, and Grosvenor Chapel, Mayfair. His hopes for English religion are unfolded more especially in the first four discourses and may be summarised as follows: (1) The liberating force of true religion; (2) the redemptive character of Christian religion; (3) the living doctrine of sacramental grace; (4) the power of catholic religion "to stimulate every living and wholesome interest of human life and society." But these four heads of consideration are formulations at their value of hopes for Christianity at large and not especially of a departmental branch, registered as English. They are as much expressible and to be expressed in respect of the Latin rite and the Greek orthodoxy. Dr. Figgis recognises this—as indeed he cannot do otherwise—when he mentions "the error of treating the English part of the Universal Church as a thing in itself entirely separate"; but in so doing he would seem to renounce implicitly the title chosen for the first section of his sermons. If, however, we rename them "Hopes for Christianity at large," it has to be recognised—with or against our will—that they have become the questions at issue all over the world of religious debates, and to proclaim them as saving hopes does not deal with the issue. It seems to me that we who are Christians must face sooner or later—and so much the better as we decide to do it the sooner—that expanding counter-view which holds that amidst every variety of culture religion is one thing, the science of union with God; that the spiritual hope of the world is therein and therein only; that this science has been cultivated throughout the ages and nations under many names and within many official systems; that it is in no sense apart from Christianity and in no sense confined thereto; that Vedic, Buddhistic and other Eastern saints have followed this science and attained a term therein, which is not on a lower groove than that of Ruysbroeck, Eckehart or Tauler; that their records remain to testify. From this point of view the churches—whatever their names—are not themselves religion but bodies of ceremonial procedure and official teaching, the vitality and consequence of which are in proportion to the presence within them of that spirit which is religion. The claims of this view are before us and will become much more prominent in the future. Should it happen, as it may happen, that they prevail, in virtue of a truth behind them, there must be such a restatement of Christianity as no Christian church and none of the doctors are now prepared for. I hold no brief on the subject except that it will have to be dealt with, above all by those who deny the truth, and that their warrants must be adequate knowledge concerning the science of religion in the East and West. The present "hopes for English Religion," based on a simple restatement of old doctrine, look strange in such light as this—strange notwithstanding a reverent appreciation of these many excellent pages. "That God may enter more fully into the life of humanity" is the prayer of Dr. Figgis, and that the life of humanity may enter more deeply into the realisation of life in God is the end of that practice of Divine Presence which belongs to the science of religion.

A. E. WAITE.

THE CRITICAL ENTHUSIAST.†

Mr. Lynd is the ideal critic for the young. He is capable of great and generous enthusiasm, but always he keeps a part of his mind watchful for the faults in those he admires; he loves Beauty more than beauties, and follows Truth rather than truths; and yet, best of all, if one of

* "Hopes for English Religion." By J. N. Figgis, D.D., Litt.D. 6s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)

† "Old and New Masters." By Robert Lynd. 12s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

his literary friends offends he will not disown him, but, admitting the offence, turns your attention to the man's better qualities. The young are indiscriminate in their enthusiasms; and Mr. Lynd's delicate discrimination is exactly what they need. If only the teachers of our youth knew their business, they would endow Mr. Lynd so that he need no longer write reviews, but spend his time in leisurely reading and leisurely writing. For good as the book is, the reader is always aware that Mr. Lynd could have done much better. In a very few essays lack of time and the exigencies of journalism cause him to do a serious injustice to his subject. For instance, to write an essay on Kipling and never mention the "Jungle Books," or "Kim," or his supernatural stories is to do Kipling and yourself a grave injustice. What Mr. Lynd says about Kipling is in the main true; but he has written two serious papers not on Kipling, but on certain selected aspects and works of Kipling, which, were Mr. Lynd a less just man, one might suspect he had chosen in order not to reconsider his verdict. I dislike as much as he Kipling's brass and bounce; but what is the use of condemning Kipling as holding a "keyhole view of humanity" unless you endeavour to show how that view can be reconciled with "The Brushwood Boy," with "They," or with the many poems and stories in which Kipling, sometimes I admit apparently in spite of himself, once more makes his obeisance to "the Dreamer whose dream comes true."

The haste which is responsible for Mr. Lynd's misunderstanding of Kipling is responsible for other minor imperfections in the book. None of them, however, is serious enough to vitiate his judgment. No book of recent criticism contains more judgments which represent the verdict which is likely to persist: especially masterly are the chapters on Wordsworth, on Keats, on Browning, on Pope and on Mr. Conrad. An essay which rather disappoints me is that on Villon. I think Mr. Lynd has been misled by the popular view—he is writing apropos of Mr. Stacpoole's fanciful, unimaginative essay—which lays too much emphasis on Villon's life. For rascality Villon never approaches Cellini or Casanova; Villon's crimes are indicative not of character but of a lack of it. His life is largely negative—but his poetry, with its determined modernism, applying to the things of the gutter and the brothel a genius for stark truth not dissimilar to Dante's, that poetry remains something unparalleled in European literature; for later French imitations of it have either a cynicism or a sentimentality which are equally remote from the childlike, naked simplicity of Villon.

Many of the essays deal with modern authors, mostly English speaking (though there are in this book the sanest notes on Strindberg and Tchekov which I have read), and lovers of modern literature will turn gratefully to Mr. Lynd's pages on Yeats, on Synge, on Thomas Hardy, and on Belloc and Chesterton. As an example of Mr. Lynd's pleasant and imaginative method, what can be better than this on Belloc and Chesterton:

> "Fifty years ago, when philology was one of the imaginative arts, it would have been easy enough to gain credit for the theory that they are veritable reincarnations of the Heavenly Twins going about the earth with corrupted names. Chesterton is merely English for Castor, and Belloc is Pollux transmuted into French. Certainly if the philologist had also been an evangelical Protestant, he would have felt a double confidence in identifying the two authors with Castor and Pollux as the:
>
> Great Twin Brethren
> Who fought so well for Rome."

I could wish he had said something about Mr. Chesterton's poetry, surely his most vital and personal writing, whether it be serious or comic; and what he does say about G. K. C. makes one long for a book on him from Mr. Lynd. For while sufficiently sympathetic towards Mr. Chesterton's mediævalism, Mr. Lynd keeps his critical eye open, and is not to be bounced into agreement by the mere weight of his author. Always too Mr. Lynd keeps his sense of humour. I am not sure that this may not be a disadvantage to him; but it is a great pleasure to his readers. So much of literary criticism—those who wander through the syndicated histories know it to their cost—is dreary, pontifical stuff, gravely measuring poetry and renown as though they were standard suits. Mr. Lynd never forgets caprice, never forgets the little imp which possesses all men at times, and artists particularly, the demon of perversity, which may be responsible for much trouble, but also gives us most of the colour, and laughter, and jollity and tears in this confusing universe.

R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

THE JERNINGHAM LETTERS.*

In that great storehouse of literary and other information, Crabb Robinson's Diary, there appears the following entry written on February 1st, 1811: "A visit to a most accomplished lady of the old school, Mrs. Buller. The poems of Southey and Scott she had put into her Index Expurgatorius. She cannot bear the irregularity of their versification. Mr. Jerningham was present and she called him to his face 'The last of the old school.' He is already forgotten, more completely than those will be whom his friend and contemporary treated so contemptuously." A little less than two years after the above lines were penned, "Mr. Jerningham" was gathered to his fathers, and but for the fact that a budget of letters written to him by his friends, along with others of his own composition, has been recently brought to light he would now have been as forgotten as when Crabb Robinson made his entry. The iniquity of oblivion cannot in this instance be censured with having *blindly* scattered her poppy. None the less the book is of considerable interest.

Born seven years before Pope died Jerningham lived until he reached his seventy-fifth year. He was the third son of Sir George Jerningham, fifth baronet, of Costessey Park, Norfolk, and was a poet, dramatist and man of fashion and numbered among his correspondents and friends the Earl of Chesterfield, the Earl of Carlisle, the Earl and Countess Harcourt, the Countess of Mount Edgcumbe, the Countess of Jersey, Horace Walpole, Edmund Burke, and others. With the Prince Regent he "seems" to have been on intimate terms. He knew many of Gray's friends, but did not know the poet; many also of Johnson's male and female friends, but was unacquainted with Johnson himself.

The book consists chiefly of letters written to Jerningham and of these by far the most interesting are those written by his parson-friend the Rev. Robert Potter, the translator of Æschylus, Euripides and Sophocles.

The letters of Horace Walpole, eight in number, will not, we fear, bear comparison with the best of those written by that incomparable letter writer. He writes enthusiastically of Burke's "Reflections of the Revolution in France": "Delighted with Mr. Burke? Yes, so delighted that I have redde him twice; and, if I were not so old and had not lost my memory, I would try to get his whole book by heart."

Mr. Bettany has performed his editorial duties most exemplarily and in many instances his notes surpass the text in interest. Many of the editorial difficulties in dealing with epistolary matter are occasioned by the carelessness of letter writers in not dating or only imperfectly dating their letters. There are many such in this work, but the editor has been successful in the majority of cases. Some, however, seem to be out of their proper sequence. Letter No. 5 (Letters of Lady Beauchamp Proctor) precedes not follows No. 4; No. 6 was probably written in 1782, not in the following year; No. 11 in 1781; No. 14 in 1782; Nos. 16 and 18, of which the years are not given, seem to belong to 1785 and 1797 respectively.

The volume of Burney mentioned on p. 125 would seem to refer to Dr. Burney's "History of Music" rather than to a novel written by his daughter. Burke's speech noted

* "Edward Jerningham and His Friends: A Book of Eighteenth Century Letters." Edited by Lewis Bettany. 25s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

XUM

COLONEL AT 27: M.P. AT 28.

THE REMARKABLE STORY OF A BRILLIANT YOUNG OFFICER.

Lieut.-Colonel L'Estrange Malone, M.P., a brilliant officer of the Royal Air Force—he reached his present rank at the early age of 27, and became a Member of Parliament at the age of 28—has written the following remarkably interesting letter.

To the Directors of the Pelman Institute.

"Dear Sirs,—I feel I must write and give you a hearty appreciation of the results of the Pelman Course. May I first be permitted to make a few observations regarding its application to my own personal case?

"The outbreak of war found me completing a period as assistant to the Director of the Air Department at the Admiralty, and on August 11th, I was appointed to fit out and take command of some of the cross-Channel steamers in order to enable them to take on board seaplanes to carry out aerial work in the North Sea.

I Discovered Pelmanism:

"The outstanding feature of this work was the famous raid on Cuxhaven on Christmas Day, 1914. After a varied war experience in many theatres of war, from the North Sea to Aden, sometimes experiencing success, sometimes encountering failure, my peregrinations found me once again in London in January, 1917. Then it was that, through a friend, I discovered Pelmanism.

"Luckily, just after that time, through difference of opinion with the existing authorities, I was enabled to go for a six months' 'change of air' in H.M.S. *Lion*.

"Whilst no one will deny the difficulties and strenuous nature of naval life, it certainly provides periods of comparative calm and periods when it is possible to put in good solid study, and in this respect, therefore, Pelmanism was enabled to get a good six months' footing.

"One can only judge by results. From my own experience I am quite satisfied that the work done and progress made in the last two years have amply repaid the moderate investment expended in undergoing the Pelman Course.

The successive stages, which were undeniably satisfactory, prove, without doubt, that there must be something in the Pelman idea, because on December 28th, 1918, less than two years later, one of its youngest students finds himself in the House of Commons, with the addition of many other responsibilities and duties.

Three Practical Results:

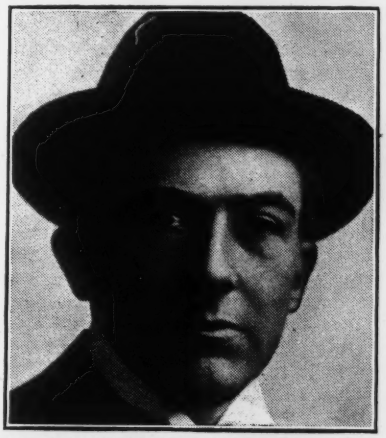
"Now, Sirs, what is it about Pelmanism that is so wonderful? There are three practical results arising from Pelmanism. There is the War use, the Professional use, and the Educational use. These are the three outstanding results which people have attained through Pelmanism.

"The War use manifests itself in the results achieved by officers and men who have undertaken the Pelman Course, in the field, either by acts of gallantry, or in overcoming fear, in stimulating personal energy and courage, in enduring hardships, and thwarting apparently insurmountable difficulties with unflagging persistence and undaunted will-power.

"The Professional use manifests itself in the advanced positions obtained by Pelmanists in the vast field of 'Professionalism' throughout which the Pelman idea has permeated. This covers the wide range from the office-boy, whose ambition, goal, and desire it is to become a junior clerk up to the managing director of a great financial combine.

"Then there is the Educational point of view which means the widening and expanding of all the component parts of the human being.

"What is the practical explanation of these extraordinary results? No successful business can ever be run without a policy; no shareholders could ever be induced to risk their money in a concern without aims, without a scheme, and yet every day we find a large number of people gambling with their own lives, treating their lives in a manner in which they would never dream of handling far less important business matters.



LIEUT.-COLONEL MALONE, M.P., *whose remarkable letter is printed in these columns to-day. Those who wish to receive full details of the system described by him should write to The Pelman Institute, 20, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1. They will be sent to you post free by return of post.*

Can anyone imagine a more anomalous policy? And what is the reason for it? It is because people have never taken the trouble to think. They have never considered the fact that a great many laws of common sense apply as much to the human being as they do to the world of business.

"No one can go through the Pelman Course without being compelled to face boldly the hard facts of this life, and to erect and at least visualise mentally the goal-posts of this short mortal life. No one can over-estimate the benefits of such a Course, and if we succeed in erecting a chain of concentric goal-posts, if we can successfully formulate some of the general aims of this life, much good will have been done.

The Vista of To-morrow:

"That is the outstanding result of Pelmanism as I see it. No one can go through the Pelman Course without realising this matter vividly. Some people may be against materialism, but if they are afraid to oppose materialism because they oppose bare facts, surely they are lacking in moral courage. . . .

"Whatever may be your work, whatever may be your daily task, be it great or small, whatever may be your ambition, your aims, your goals, your purposes in life, nothing is more beneficial from every point of view than a clarifying of the reason for your existence, why you are here, and at least an elementary knowledge of the cogs which comprise the Human Machine, and why they turn.

"This is the vista which Pelmanism opens up to you!

"Yours faithfully,

"CECIL L'ESTRANGE MALONE, M.P.

"The House of Commons, S.W."

The foregoing remarkable story demonstrates the great "personal" interest and practical value of Pelmanism. No reader can afford to neglect this opportunity of learning all about this famous system. Write to-day for a copy of "Mind and Memory," which describes Pelmanism in detail. This intensely interesting book, together with a copy of "Truth's" famous Report on Pelmanism and a form enabling you to enrol for the complete Course on special terms, will be sent gratis and post free if you write a post card to-day to The Pelman Institute, 20 Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1. Write now or call to-day.

Overseas Addresses: 46–48, Market Street, Melbourne; Temple Building, Toronto; Club Arcade, Durban.

on p. 306 probably refers to that delivered on introducing the "Bill for composing the present troubles in America," a speech which was delivered on November 16th, 1775, and took over three hours to deliver. "Sacontala" (p. 316) in all probability was the translation of Sir William Jones's "Sakuntala" completed in 1789 but not published until 1799.

On p. 229 Mr. Bettany states that Rogers with others is silent about the connection of the Prince Regent with the Countess of Jersey. This does not seem to be borne out by the extract from Rogers's letter November 14th, 1797, quoted in Clayton's "Early Life of Rogers," p. 335.

One is inclined to believe that Earl Harcourt's "late and long-loved friend" refers to Mason for a monument was erected to that cleric and poet in the village church of Aston; Walpole was not connected with any "obscure village in Yorkshire." In one of his letters Potter says: "I am getting off from the Land of Nod to Bedfordshire," and the editorial note runs "Possibly this is another way of saying that he is leaving 'Sleepy Suffolk' for a time." Such an explanation is rather fanciful. Surely it means that he is drowsy and is off to bed! Charles Lamb, we incline to think, would not agree with the statement that he admired Thurlow's sonnets, with the exception of the one "To a Bird that haunted the Waters of Lacken in the Winter." He told Wordsworth that he fatigued himself with going through a volume of fine words by Lord Thurlow with its "aching vacuum of matter."

Mr. Bettany states that the fate of the Duchess de Biron is unknown. According to the author of "The Public Prosecutor of the Terror," she was guillotined along with another woman of the same name, and this statement is based on documentary evidence. The following excerpt from his letter to Miss Mary Berry (Nov. 14, 1793) appears to disprove the assertion that Walpole was, when approaching his eightieth year, present at Jerningham's "new play" ("The Siege of Berwick"). "George Cambridge was last night at the first representation of Jerningham's new play, and I was delighted to hear that it was received with great applause and complete success."

S. BUTTERWORTH.

THE CHARM OF PERSONALITY.*

When George Meredith hailed the lark's song as being "seraphically free from *taint* of personality," he but emphasised the fact that from all larks the uprush of joyous song is the same, and doing so appeared to have a dig at poor humanity for its very diversity of utterance. Personality, that which marks an individual off from his fellows, is no taint, it is frequently a subtle and fascinating charm. It has been said that every man jack of us—and woman jill too—has the material for writing one novel; how much truer it would be to say that each of us has the material for writing at least one volume of reminiscences. All of us might do it and, but for the price of paper and the obduracy of publishers, publish it—yet how small would be the percentage of the vast output of volumes that would be worth the reading after all! The few among the many would not be those by people who had had the most dramatic ups-and-downs in life, or those who had had the most moving accidents by flood and field, but they would be those written by people possessed of the charm of personality.

That same charm—very difficult of definition, but very easy of recognition—is something sweet and fresh as the perfume of primroses; it will be found pervading every page of Katharine Tynan's new volume of reminiscences, despite the title of that volume and the fact that it covers the years of the tragedy of the nations. Established as a poet who is sure of immortality in those anthologies in which, as we are told, poetry will "live," and as a novelist with a wide circle of readers, "K. T." has now with her reminiscences made a new claim upon our admiration—and our gratitude. The volume tells of recent years in Ireland, in Dublin, and in Mayo for the most part—with a wonderful excursion to Rome—yet its interest is not limited by either time or place, for the writer is one with a genius for making friends, a genius for representing them in pen and ink and a rare readiness in recalling amusing anecdotes and things happily said. Thus her book gives, as a volume of reminiscences should, the impression of easy, lightly-linked talk by one who has met many interesting people and has the twin gifts of memory and narration; she has indeed that further gift of making the people of whom she writes interesting to us, whether they are folk in the public eye already or hitherto unknown.

To the reader with a liking for personal anecdotage "The Years of the Shadow" will prove one of the most companionable of volumes, for from start to finish it is, in the best sense of a much-abused word, entertaining. The author has not only the power of rendering things personally experienced but she has also the knack of drawing from others material which she can render valuable. Thus she is able to tell of the detachment with which Mayo regarded the Easter revolution in Dublin, and her own anxiety for news, and to give also two narratives of experiences in the capital during that tragic time. Despite the vast shadow of the war, despite the shadow of the revolution, there is yet something of radiance in these later chapters which have been recorded from a richly-stored memory by a ready pen. "K. T." has a way wid her—possibly it is the elusive secret out of which springs the rainbow charm—by means of which she finds the best in the people whom she meets. It is true that in one of the two earlier volumes of her reminiscences she ventured to write of a certain place in Kent in a way which moved foolish people to write foolish letters to the press—but even that leads to the addition of some amusing pages to the present volume, one of the most engaging of books that have come out since the years of the shadow passed.

WALTER JERROLD.

* "The Years of the Shadow." By Katharine Tynan. 15s. net. (Constable.)

A KEEPER OF THE MERSE.*

An ex-Under-Secretary of State for War, having ceased to manipulate (metaphorically) the guns which deservedly dealt death to the Hun, took to recording his own experiences with other guns upon other fields than those of France. Mr. Tennant, like all his family, is a born sportsman, and Berwickshire has afforded him ample scope for partridge-shooting and similar favourite diversions. He was fortunate in his retainers there, specially in his gamekeeper, Thomas Walker. It is Thomas's personality which dominates this little compilation: indeed it is designed to do Thomas honour. One must respect the ex-Secretary the more for having penned so graceful a tribute to one whom Scott would have counted among his intimates—another veritable Tom Purdie. It is a pleasing picture that Mr. Tennant has painted of a quite idyllic life for both himself and his man. The conditions seem to have been wholly favourable—a kind and considerate employer, an efficient and loyal servant. Environment, to be sure, had its share in the successful relationship. Both men were equally devoted to the superlatively romantic and picturesque locality where their lot lay. And it appears also (as does not always happen) that the temperament of each dovetailed sweetly the one to the other.

A gamekeeper's letters are hardly likely to emerge into literature. Mr. Tennant would be the last to suggest this for any of these epistles. There is, however, a *naïveté* and an absoluteness of candour and sincerity about them which give distinction to a simple memorial of what was manifestly a happy and unsophisticated past. The keeper's language cannot be described as brilliant. There is nothing really memorable or arresting in what he wrote. The letters reveal the observant eye and the re ective mind of

* "Letters From a Lowland Keeper." With Additions and Notes by the Right Hon. H. J. Tennant, M.P. 5s. net. (MacLehose.)

XUM

How I improved my memory in one evening!

being the amazing experiences of Victor Jones, one of the 114,000 who last year took

The ROTH Memory Course

The Popular Course at a Popular Price

"Of course, I know you! Mr. Addison Clark, of Hull.

"If I remember correctly—and I do remember correctly—Mr. Burroughs, the timber merchant, introduced me to you at the luncheon at the Automobile Club three years ago this coming May. This is a pleasure indeed! I haven't seen you since that day. How is the grain business? And how did that amalgamation work out?"

The assurance of this speaker—in the crowded corridor of the Hotel Metropole—compelled me to turn and look at him, though I must say it is not my usual habit to eavesdrop even in an hotel lobby.

"He is David M. Roth, the most famous memory expert in the world," said my friend Kennedy, answering my question before I could get it out. "He will show you many more wonderful things than that before the evening is over."

And he did.

As we went into the banquet-room the host was introducing a long line of the guests to Mr. Roth. I got in line, and when it came to my turn, Mr. Roth asked, "What are your initials, Mr. Jones, and your business and telephone number?" Why he asked this I learned later, when he picked out from the crowd of sixty men he had met two hours before, and called each by name without a mistake. What is more, he named each man's business and telephone number accurately.

I won't tell you all the other amazing things this man did except how he called out, without a minute's hesitation, long lists of numbers, bank clearings, prices, lot numbers, parcel post rates, and anything else the guests gave him in rapid order.

When I met Mr. Roth again he rather bowled me over by saying, in his quiet, modest way:

"There is nothing miraculous about my remembering anything I want to remember, whether it be names, faces, figures, facts, or something I have read in a magazine.

You can do this just as easily as I do.

"My own memory," continued Mr. Roth, "was originally very faulty. Yes, it was—a really poor memory. On meeting a man I would forget his name in thirty seconds, while now there are probably ten thousand men and women, many of whom I have met but once, whose names I can recall instantly on meeting them."

"That is all right for you, Mr. Roth," I interrupted. "You have given years to it. But how about me?"

"Mr. Jones," he replied, "I can teach you the secret of a good memory *in one evening*. I have done it with thousands of pupils. In the first of seven simple lessons which I have prepared for home study I show you the basic principle of my whole system, and you will find it not hard work, as you might fear, but just like playing a fascinating game. I will prove it to you."

He didn't have to prove it. His Course did. I got it the very next day from his publishers.

When I tackled the first lesson I was amazed to find that I had learned—in about an hour—how to remember a list of one hundred words so that I could call them out forward and backward without a single mistake.

That first lesson *stuck*. And so did the other six.

Read this letter from C. Louis Allen, who at thirty-two years became head of a £200,000 concern, the Pyrene Manufacturing Company, makers of the famous fire-extinguisher:

"Now that the *Roth* Memory Course is finished, I want to tell you how much I have *enjoyed* the study of this most fascinating subject. Usually these courses involve a great deal of drudgery, but this has been nothing but pure *pleasure* all the way through. I have derived much benefit from taking the course of instructions, and feel that I shall continue to strengthen my memory. That is the best part of it. I shall be glad of an opportunity to recommend your work to my friends."

Mr. Allen didn't put it a bit too strongly.

The *Roth* Course is priceless! I can absolutely *count* on my memory now. I can recall the name of almost any man I have met before—and I am getting better all the time. I can remember any figures I wish to remember. Telephone numbers come to mind instantly once I have filed them by Mr. Roth's easy method. Addresses are just as easy.

The old fear of forgetting (you know what that is) has vanished.

Perhaps the most enjoyable part of it all is that I have become a good conversationalist.

I can recall like a flash of lightning almost any fact I want just at the instant I need it most. I used to think a brilliant memory belonged only to the prodigy and genius. Now I see that every man of us has that kind of memory if he only knows how to make it work properly.

I tell you it is a wonderful thing after groping around in the dark for so many years to be able to switch the big searchlight on your mind, and see instantly everything you want to remember.

My advice to you is, Don't wait another minute. Send to the National Business and Personal Efficiency Department 97A, of the Standard Art Book Co., Ltd., for Mr. Roth's amazing Course, and see what a wonderful memory you have got. Your dividends in INCREASING EARNING POWER will be enormous.

VICTOR JONES.

A few testimonials just received.

"After the second lesson I had my money's worth, and would not part with what it has done for me for many times its cost. It is simplicity itself."—J. M., M.D.

"The course has been of real value to me. The small amount of time required and the simplicity of the method will appeal to any busy business man."

W. S. WILLIAMS, Local Manager.
Ford Motor Company.

"Can truthfully say that it is the best investment I have ever made."—J. W. CAPEK, Branch Manager.

Send No Money.

So confident are the publishers of the *Roth* Memory Course of the result once you have an opportunity to see in your own home how easy it is to double, yes, treble, your memory-power in a few short hours that they are willing to send the Course for free examination.

DON'T SEND ANY MONEY. Merely write a letter, and the complete Course will be sent at once. If you are not entirely satisfied send it back any time within three days after you receive it, and you will owe nothing.

But if you are as pleased as are the 114,000 other men and women who have taken the Course, send only 30s. in full payment. You take no risk, and you have everything to gain, so post the letter now before this remarkable offer is withdrawn.

National Business and Personal Efficiency Dept. 97A, The Standard Art Book Co., Ltd., 60, Chancery Lane, W.C.2.

one whose soul is in perfect sympathy with all the sights of Nature—though not with all her sounds, for Walker's hearing was defective, a misfortune which sometimes played havoc with his plans. He discourses interestingly on many themes, the keeper's problems and difficulties being naturally uppermost, although politics and the war have their due share. A touching reference to Mr. Tennant's son Henry, who was killed in France in 1917, concludes the selection: "We are very pleased to have that photograph; he looks in a happy mood. . . . No one who knew him can look long into his eyes without looking away from them. You all know too well what I mean."

But to be just, Mr. Tennant's own Introduction is, after all, the best thing in the book. Clothed in faultless English, it is itself a charming essay on Scottish rustic life and the varied occupations of a gentleman of leisure, with whom sport is a passion, and days spent under the open sky are the most glorious days of all. As befits the late Member for Berwickshire, that county is never far from his thoughts, with its magnificent landscapes, its ever-kindly folk, the recollection of hours expectant behind its russet hedges, among its golden stubbles, when everything seemed in tune with an auburn autumn, "and the perspective of distant beaters and approaching coveys, swerving on their sinuous course, were enough to stir the blood of even the most anæmic."

This is truly a delightful addition to the library of the Lowlands, and if Thomas Walker is scarcely a Richard Jefferies, he is of the same noble type, at all events. There are still many such to be found up and down the Borderside. May their school long survive!

W. S. CROCKETT.

MR. YEATS'S ODYSSEY.*

It is strange to remember that Mr. Yeats's first book was published thirty years ago, and that he was writing poetry when Queen Victoria was celebrating her first Jubilee. Granted that it is merely an accident, a temporary acceleration, actual or apparent, of the evolutionary process, which makes that august event seem so remote; and that many writers have done fine work at a far greater age than Mr. Yeats's (witness Mr. Hardy among the living)—yet there is still a quality of youthfulness in the literature of the author of "The Wanderings of Oisin" to justify our wonder. Most writers, after a generation of production, are content to live largely on their past. Many of them, like Mr. Wells and Mr. Shaw, achieve a spurious effect of being "up to date" by applying to contemporary matters formulæ which are in reality growing ever the worse for wear. But Mr. Yeats has been granted the freedom of *Tir nan Og*; to which surely no one has ever had a more flawless claim.

It is true that in his latest book, "The Cutting of an Agate," there is nothing that is quite recent and much that is a good many years old. But Mr. Yeats is too sincere to reissue work that has not kept for him some, at least, of the significance which originally made him write it; so that, whatever the birth-date of its contents, a new book by him is always a new book. The ostensible subjects of these collected essays are various. They include a good deal about the theatre; all the author's writings on Synge, which one is very glad to have together; the series of short papers called "Discoveries," which were published some years ago by the Cuala Press, and are one of his cardinal works; studies of two Irish patriots, John O'Leary and John Shawe-Taylor, and a longer study of Edmund Spenser. Those are the book's subjects; but what the book is about, as the White Knight would have said, is the growth of Mr. Yeats's soul. And in following that, we understand why he has remained so triumphantly young. He has never become content.

> "The friends that have it I do wrong
> Whenever I remake a song,
> Should know what issue is at stake:
> It is myself that I remake."

Of this remaking, his prose essays offer as good evidence as the revisions of his verse. It has been a constant process. Perpetually has he been readjusting himself to life and to art. In the beginning, ardent for the absolute, he "was interested in nothing but states of mind, lyrical moments, intellectual essences," and wrote the haunting but esoteric verses of "The Wind Among the Reeds"; but presently, wearying of an impossible quest, he turned from lyric to the more concrete art of drama and from the contemplation of "haughty and elaborate life" to the life of the people, endeavouring to create an art which should appeal to "vigorous and simple men." "What moves natural men in the arts is what moves them in life, and that is, intensity of personal life, intimations that show them in a book or a play, the strength, the essential moment of a man who would be exciting in the market or at the dispensary door." From this conviction sprang his practical connection with the theatre, and all his multifarious public activities. He became a public man . . . but with a difference. "All the while I worked with this idea [of giving Ireland a national art], founding societies that became quickly or slowly everything I despised, one part of me looked on, mischievous and mocking, and the other part spoke words which were more and more unreal, as the attitude of mind became more and more strained and difficult." And since, for one of Mr. Yeats's literary integrity, to speak unreal words is the sin against the Holy Ghost, bitterness of spirit and reaction followed inevitably. A keen satirist is housefellow of the dreaming lyrist and romantic playwright; and there are some rather acrid epigrams among Mr. Yeats's later verse. He began to withdraw into himself again, to return to his alchemy, to write once more for "a little company of studious people." His plays were founded on the Noh drama of Japan, almost arrogant in their simplicity and meant only for presentation before the few. "Having given enough performances for I hope the pleasure of personal friends and a few score people of good taste, I shall record all discoveries of method and turn to something else." One awaits the "something else" with interest.

It is a restless mind, curious, unsatisfied; but not fickle. For there is a constant element in all its manifestations, a desire for the best and a scornful rejection of all else. Mr. Yeats is an aristocrat. He hates the middle-class, the Puritan, the grocer. He will have only the good life, whether as it is (or should be) lived by the lusty peasant, or as it was enjoyed by those Renaissance nobles of whom he writes in his fine and penetrating study of Spenser, with "their beautiful haughty imagination and their manners full of abandon and wilfulness." There is more of the Renaissance than one has always realised in Mr. Yeats.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

* "The Cutting of an Agate." By W. B. Yeats. 6s. net. (Macmillan.)

ODES AND OTHER POEMS.*

Mr. Macfie's volume is a collection of poems written during the last sixteen years, and contains indeed some which were composed a considerably longer time ago than that. It is not to be judged, therefore, as representing the latest development of his thought and art. The volume opens with his first serious experiment in the kind of irregular ode of which his great poem "War" is the culmination—the noble ode he wrote for the Quatercentenary of Aberdeen University, perhaps the only poem of the kind which is a living poem and not an academic exercise. "Highfalutin and wordy" a critic calls it. So every impassioned ode will appear to a reader who fails to apprehend the poet's vision, to catch the infection of the passion, to appreciate its miracles of technique. For Mr. Macfie's ode is the artistic expression of a vision

* "Odes and Other Poems." By Ronald Campbell Macfie. 5s. net. (John Murray.)

attained to through strenuous thought and penetrative imagination, a vision of the labours and pangs of the physical, intellectual and moral world in the process of evolution, the vision of one who knows from science and philosophy what he is talking about, and has realised his vision in the first section of "War," with a vividness and power hardly to be paralleled since Lucretius. "War" is a fuller and more poignant utterance of that vision; the Marischal College ode is concerned with the evolution of one white flower upon the tree of Igdrasil, a lily of white stone and truth and hope, and his poem is worthy of its theme.

The irregular ode, and indeed irregular metres generally, have been handled by poets recently without any distinct consciousness that mere irregularity is simply formlessness, that the stanza of the irregular ode must have a logical, rhetorical and harmonious pattern as definite and satisfying as a blank verse paragraph of Milton, that the principate indeed is exactly the same as that of such a paragraph, "the sense variously drawn out," the change of pauses, the controlling harmony of the whole, except that the line division follows the pauses, and the pauses are rhetorically emphasised and poetically sweetened by the rhyme. The odes even of Francis Thompson, who was influenced by two very different artists of the ode—Crashaw whose pattern resembles that of a rising and falling fountain, a skylark's ascending and descending stream of song, and Coventry Patmore whose controlling scheme is much more rigorously periodic—are very unequal in this respect. Occasional stanzas are admirable, but more than often the evolving scheme of the whole seems to elude you before the end, and occasionally one has a little of the uneasy footing of one who makes his way across a pile of wet and slippery fish, despite the rich colour of the phrasing and the smooth slip of individual lines or groups of lines. Mr. Macfie's rhythms vary from stanza to stanza in the most intricate and surprising fashion, but, except where the thought and feeling themselves compel a break, the intricate harmony is always controlled and wrought out to a splendid and satisfying unity:

> "Death wrought with divers tools. Unwearied
> Across the warp of life that wimpled red
> The lightning flashed, shooting a livid thread—
> Like signatures of the undying death—
> Through the half-woven tapestries of doom;
> And the mephitic breath and mordant fume
> Of the hot-throated craters scorched and charred
> The living, lengthening web; and through the gloom
> Some tempest howling shrill, and breathing hard
> Frayed Life's unfinished fringes; and disease
> Nibbled the fairy fabric as the seas
> Nibble the rocky headlands. Yet, unmarred,
> Unscathed, unscarred,
> Life ever wove in carpel and in womb
> Imperishable webs of flesh and bloom."

The other odes in this volume are on "The Titanic" and the tragic death of John Davidson, and the thought which runs through them is the same as in "Marischal College" and "War." The first opens with an astonishing series of pictures, and the movement of the verse has something of the throbbing power of the great ship it celebrates. The counter-movement comes with the fourth stanza:

> "Yea, but an icy mountain is unloosed:
> Riding the sea it cometh to the joust,
> Reckless and ruthless, arrogant and proud,
> Clad in white armour, visored with a cloud."

These stanzas, with the contemplation of the catastrophe in the fifth, are a wonderful rendering of the moods which passed through every mind on the occasion, swallowed up as they have been in the horrors of which we have supped since. The closing struggle to attain to a reconciling and consoling vision will be variously judged. It is hard for the greatest poetry to vie with the mind's own reflections on such themes. Perhaps to have closed with the revealing glimpse of the ninth stanza might have been better. Too confident assertions, even in poetry, repel. Of the odes on Davidson, the first, written in a mood of sombre reflection, seems to the present writer the more satisfying;

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the second, like "The Titanic," perhaps attempts too much, savours of the sermon, and there are some over-elaborate conceits. But in all these odes there is enough of picture and phrasing, of passionate thought and vision, of pure though intricate harmony to repay prolonged study.

In some respects Mr. Macfie's last volumes have not quite fulfilled all the expectations awakened by "Granite Dust" (1892). In his case as in John Davidson's, the experience of life and the want of that audible recognition which a fair critical appreciation of a poet's work, for praise or blame, secures, has made the poet somewhat of a preacher. There were in "Granite Dust" some poems of pure delight and imaginative fantasy. "New Poems" (1904), marked a great advance in depth of thought and feeling and mastery of technique and contained a few poems of pure loveliness. This last volume has fewer still of these purely delightful poems. Some are slight, charming but hardly remarkable; but there are some whose fragrance clings. Such in the present writer's judgment is "In the white city of thy soul" with stanzas like:

"It lies, the city of thy soul,
White and mysterious and dim,
Filled to the brim
With poesie—
A chalice with a carver rim
Of fleur-de-lys.
It sleeps, the city of thy soul,
From pity and from passion free.

"Yet to the city of thy soul
A day will come, when every wall
Will shake, will fall,
Will crash asunder,
For to thy heart a heart will call
With beat of thunder,
And all the city of thy soul
Will grow alight with joy and wonder."

Of a like charm is the "Wedding Ode: To a Poetess" and "Pan's Flute," and the moving lines to "A Mother and Son," and the lines on "The Nile" into which have passed something of the flow and colour of that mysterious river.

It is time that Mr. Macfie collected all that he wishes to preserve of the poetry of his four small volumes. Some might be sacrificed, for occasionally he has succumbed too much to the Scottish passion for preaching, and occasionally he has written sentimental verses to please relatives and friends, but what would remain would be found to be a bouquet of poems which have already entered deeply into the consciousness of lovers of true and original poetry. Some poets take the kingdom of heaven, or popularity, by storm; others enter almost unobserved until some accident reveals how conscious we have become of their presence. The present writer can say for himself there are no poems of the last thirty years—with the exception of some of the rarest of Mr. Yeats's exotics—which dwell in his memory with such a delicate and penetrating fragrance as the best of Mr. Macfie's, for they are poems that have all the qualities which go to make poetry loved—heart and soul as well as intellect and imagination, an art which with all its careful workmanship and intricate harmonies has the sincerity and purity, the note of natural song of the greatest of Scottish poets.

H. J. C. GRIERSON.

Novel Notes.

MARY ENGLAND. By Joan Thompson. 7s. net. (Methuen.)

One is not prepared for the ending of Mary England; it is as unexpected, as fortuitous, as indifferent to what one would like, as the end of life so often is in actual experience. It is a better ending than so easily might have happened to her; than threatened her earlier, in her relations with the strange man she met at Fairworth, or in her relations with Appleby, the novelist, in whom, fortunately for her, the gentleman triumphed over the cad. And if one regrets that the end was not happier, that is a tribute to the skill and sympathy with which Miss Thompson has made her readers realise the character of Mary in all its strength and sweetness and perilous simplicity. She was "of the breed that rears itself among crude conditions"; there were contaminating influences in the raw country life about her, and it was not ignorance that kept her innocent. "Her mind was filled with the knowledge of evil, but there was nothing of evil itself in her nature. Fortified unconsciously with this, she was able to look on indifferently, while the world around her, beginning in her own home, played its part of deception and indulgence of desire. She judged no one, because she was ignorant of any higher plane of living." As her less fortunate friend, Emma, said, when they met after a few years and talked of their schooldays, "Aye, and you've not seed much since then, compared to things I've seed. You ain't trod in the dirt. It takes that to make a body know what's clean." But Mary has that knowledge instinctively and amid the squalor of her home-life and upbringing, nothing but that is her salvation. The men and women of the book are drawn graphically and with an intimate understanding; Hardy is not more realistically true to country life and country character. A very remarkable first book; it is not enough to call it promising, for it is in itself a considerable achievement.

THE DEAN. By Lady Charnwood. 6s. net. (Constable.)

Lady Charnwood's new novel leaves its admirable predecessor far behind. It cuts clean through the conventional and the outward to what is fundamental in character, in conduct, in religion, and taking Christianity for granted as the touchstone of life, is entirely fearless in its discriminating use of that touchstone. Lady Charnwood has wisely made use of the environment she knows intimately. But let no one suppose that she can only draw Earls and Deans, the wives of Viceroys and that big interconnected family calling itself Society into which they were born. With the exception of the Dean himself, there is no more life-like character in the novel than Private Wood, of the Royal Worcesters, who tells of his "pal" who was "killed at Wipers," and was "a queerish blighter, a wrong 'un," though he makes but a brief appearance and is never over-emphasised. As for the Dean of Newchester, with his humour, his humility, his big heart and wide mind, the tenderness which accompanies virility, the vigilant dedication to that service of his fellow-men to which in the name of Christ he is sworn—these traits are even more attractive than his cultivated charm. He will have a niche in many a heart beside Jeannie Deans and Adam Bede and Colonel Newcome. Lady Charnwood is one of the very few modern novelists who hold a definite philosophy of life and have the courage to show their colours. The ethical ideal of the Founder of Christianity is to her the essential basis of life, though for that very reason never obtruded. Her sincerity adds dignity and lucidity to her work, which throughout confirms the doctrine of Pater that the only style worth having is that born of absolute and delicate veracity. Anstace is a beautiful and interesting study of youthful womanhood, and of that development of character, whether for good or evil, which is the key-note of the book, and of which Mrs. Barton also in her downhill path is, in an opposite direction, a brilliant and daring illustration.

THE BONFIRE. By Anthony Brendon. 7s. net. (Heinemann.)

This unusual novel is a terrible indictment of the hell-fire teaching of the Jesuits, especially in regard to its effects upon the minds of children. Taking for his hero a small boy at a Jesuit school in this country, Mr. Brendon exposes the Jesuit methods in a series of brilliant little connected episodes, which culminate in the miserably unhappy death of his hero. "The Bonfire" is not a comfortable novel, perhaps, but it is exceedingly impressive. Nor is it all gloom; for the tenderer and more human side of the Jesuits is attractively presented. There

can be no denying, however, that it is very much more "anti" than "pro," and it may almost be considered a novel with a "purpose." Readers who like such stories will find a masterpiece of its kind in "The Bonfire," written from what must of necessity be intimate personal experience. A few documents are added in support of the author's statements, and effectively controvert any charge of exaggeration in the presentment of the most serious of them. But exaggerated in minor details or no, it is an uncommonly able piece of work.

THE LAST MILLION. By Ian Hay. 6s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

After "The First Hundred Thousand" and "Getting Together," it was even money, as the betting gentry say, that Captain Hay Beith would give us something about what America did with her twelve months of the war. He has done it, and done it well, and so far it is hard to find any Westerner who has put into his chronicling half as much breeziness and humour as this present book contains. In the course of his war-time rambles in the States, "Ian Hay" has certainly got their angle, as they say themselves, and the result in this series of sixteen chapters is a rapid panorama of old-world impressions such as a typical Yank might gather in the course of his year of service. There are curious and ticklesome touches of psychology in this endeavour to see England and France through Western eyes, on the part of a humorous Scot, but we have long ago found out that "Ian Hay" has a Puckish faculty for changing the focus as well as the scene, and colouring everything with a glancing mirth and fancy. Half the time you read, you are teasing yourself with a perpetual query as to whether it is Joe McCarthy or Eddie Gillette playing at cover-dodging with Captain Beith, or whether it is Captain Beith inventing these and their like for our amusement, but amusement there certainly is, beginning with the prefatory chapter of caution, warning the newcomers to take us, not so much as we are, but as we have to be in war time, and not to imagine that under our solemn and owlish exteriors we do not see the folly of our shortcomings all the while. This is in many ways a classic of its kind, but hardly better than the street adventures that ensue, the social customs of us "islanders," the experiences of a new American draft for their first time across, and all the happenings of the trenches, the camps, the leave-trip through Paris, and the rest. We are all apt to listen with patience to the choleric old blood-and-thunder Colonel who storms in these piping days of peace that we forfeited the opportunity of hammering the Boches back to Berlin; but when we are plagued with bores like these, it is well to read Captain Beith's concluding chapter, and recall from his thrilling account the tense and heartfelt emotion which the signing of the armistice awoke in France.

HARDER THAN STEEL. By Guy Thorne. 6s. net. (Werner Laurie.)

It would scarcely be fair to give away a novel and daring plot by explaining what it was that was "harder than steel," but suffice it to say that it was neither the heroine, the hero, nor the villain. Violet Milton is transplanted from a typist's office, in the land of the dollar, to the ownership of her late father's paper mills in the north of England. Soon after her arrival she discovers that queer things are going on in the experimental house of the huge mills. Strange things happen in the dead of night. Intricate machinery is at work on some mysterious task in which the manager of the mills, an eminent chemist, is implicated. With the help of a young employé Violet sets out to solve the mystery. The action shifts to the hills of Wales, where certain Druidic ceremonies take place, and the central villain is unearthed. The grand mystery is finally solved and a great national disaster averted. It is a strong story revolving around a quite uncommon plot, but the end shows evidence of being rushed, and the reader is precipitated into a finale which ought to have been postponed for at least half a dozen more chapters.

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Miss Farren Le Breton.

STAIRS OF SAND. By Farren Le Breton. 7s. net. (John Long.)

Miss Le Breton's engaging but lonely young typist, Lois Baily, promises almost anything in the first pages. She may turn out saint or devil, and the optimism of the usual novel reader will assuredly lead to the belief that she is saint. Lois is suddenly picked up out of the dreary office work, and away from the far more dreary bed-sitting-room where she lives upon slabs of cold mutton, bread, dry cheese and odorous butter, and is carried off to Paris, to spend as much money as she likes and to live in the lap of luxury. All this because Julian Le Marchand foolishly offers her everything for nothing. Lois, being very much absorbed in herself, takes all she can get and most effectively gives nothing to the man she has married. So she misses her halo, and gradually she is found to be to Julian something of a devil. She is the sort of girl energetic women would like to shake, and she does get a very rude shaking before she feels anything of the error of her ways. Her love-making with Basil—false as stairs of sand—the third in the human triangle, is entirely sexual, and so somewhat unpleasant; but as Julian deserves most of his tribulation because of his weakness, a somewhat cynical interest is awakened in the development of the story.

THE SLEEPING PARTNER. By M. P. Willcocks. 6s. 9d. net. (Hutchinson.)

Books about publishers and writers are not as a rule supposed to be generally popular—but here is a book that deals with the making of books that should surely be an exception to this rule. It is a new departure for Miss Willcocks and she deals with her subject in a masterly way. The story has humour and irony; it is an able, realistic piece of work, and one admires the skill with which details are sketched in and characters portrayed. They are an odd collection of people that one is introduced to in "The Sleeping Partner," the principals being Silas Brutton and his brother Ned—partners in a big London publishing firm. The clash of the diverse temperaments of the two brothers, Silas the dreamer and Ned the man of action, causes most of the dramatic moments in the story; the sidelights thrown on the publishing world and on the world of authors makes uncommonly interesting and sometimes amusing reading. There are several striking situations in the book and a crisis—when the divorced (though innocent) wife of Ned Brutton writes her own story and offers the MS. to Ned's brother, Silas, making unexpected use of him in an attempt to patch up her unfortunate affairs. It is a strong book, with keenly contrasted light and shade effects; a clever book—and a curious one.

THE SKY PILOT OF NO MAN'S LAND. By Ralph Connor. 6s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

The No Man's Land of this clever, briskly-moving story is of course that land between the two armies which has already become again some one's land; and the Sky Pilot is a young, beautiful man from the village of Wapiti on the prairie. Intended for the Law, the boy obeyed what he felt to be an imperative call and chose the Church; but the blare of war trumpets roused all his enthusiasm to help and he joined the army, circumstances forcing him into the position of padre. Though it is not usual to connect such an impressionable, eager youngster with religion, Barry was sincere all through, and his mistakes and gentle triumphs, his acts of daring and courage, will be followed with genuine interest. The first few dreadful months of the conflict cover the whole story, in which time he is greatly attracted by the strong-minded American girl, Paula; and then falls head over ears in love with the pretty V.A.D., Phyllis. Mr. Ralph Connor tells his story with straightforward simplicity, betraying a breadth of view and a disregard of mere theology which destroys any hint of preaching. Barry's religion is one of love, of comradeship with all men, and of faith in all, and it is so spontaneous that it seems the natural accompaniment to all his adventures—and it draws all who come in contact with him to prove the best that is in them. Through it all we see the greatness of the men who fought, the almost impossible courage with which they acted and suffered, and realise the breaking down of life-long conventions which have been such an obstruction to brotherhood. To those who have lost sons, husbands, and other dear ones, this story would bring comfort and pride, as it will bring pleasure to all admirers of the work of Ralph Connor.

ROBIN, THE PRODIGAL. By May Wynne. 7s. net. (Jarrolds.)

Miss May Wynne wields a practised pen when she writes a story of past days. The present volume is what may be termed "a costume novel," and the plot is woven in and about the days when the English Government was endeavouring to bring about the Union of Scotland and England. The hero, Robin Dencourt, is disinherited by his father on account of Mary Gilbert, a farmer's daughter, with whom he is in love. But Mary proves false and worldly, and has no wish for the love of a disinherited young man with no prospects; and Robin makes his way to London to seek his fortune. At the outset he meets Mr. Daniel Defoe, and before long is entangled in politics, even though he has no taste for them. From this point he meets adventure after adventure, and his heart and his sense of honour frequently pull in different directions. The picture of Daniel Defoe is quite vividly drawn; and we get some clear impressions of the peaceful home-life and the outside dangers of this little man who ran so many risks for the sake of his party, and at the same time managed to write his unforgettable story of "Robinson Crusoe." We think Miss Wynne would do well to avoid such a word as "enthused" in a tale of the late seventeenth century; and we cannot help thinking that it would never have occurred to Defoe to allude to his children as "the bairns"; but the tale goes well, and contains love and romance, hairbreadth escapes and a happy ending, and we can forgive such other trifles.

MARGARET PROTESTS. By M. Leonora Eyles. 7s. 6d. net. (Erskine Macdonald.)

"Everybody's life's so rotten," says Mrs. Wayre, and though the judgment is too sweeping, her own experiences as they are unfolded in this book sufficiently account for her believing that. "I often wish," her friend, Mrs. Hughes, replies, "that we could get a book written about people living our lives—written by one of us, you know, not some one who just lives the life for a while, like a doctor, or a clergyman, or a journalist. . . . If the people who are living it could see it in print, they'd be that blooming well fed up with it they'd rise in a body and stop it off. And the rich folks—well, they go to lectures and read books to see how savages live. Why shouldn't they see how we live, too?" They may see that in "Margaret Protests," which is written by "one of us," by one who has lived that life, and that it is written with profound sincerity and a burning resentment of the dreadful condition of things it describes nobody who reads it can doubt. Margaret Wayre runs away from her home in the provinces, comes to London and makes a sort of living at addressing envelopes, till, for a home, she marries a decent workingman. They are temperamentally and otherwise ill-matched; she is educated, he is ignorant, and, mainly through her discontent, they are not happy. From the start she had literary ambitions which, before and after his death, she struggled to realise; and the pictures she gives of the woman-writer plodding desperately in Grub Street are vivid and devastatingly true. The one thread of light that runs through the dark story is her passionate love for her children, her determination that they shall not be doomed to the misery, the unlovely, the hideous conditions that surround the children of the underworld in which she is compelled to work and live. Her revelation of some of those conditions is terrible, is unspeakably loathsome; but if they are true—and we know they are—who shall blame the author for so ruthlessly forcing us to look upon them? They are festering sores in our social system that we shall never remedy by shutting our eyes to them. This is not everybody's book; it is not a novel, but a poignant and powerful human document, and we commend it only to those older readers who care to face the detestable facts of life and learn from one of themselves why the poor who live in outer darkness are not contented with their lot.

The Bookman's Table.

MAGPIES IN PICARDY. By T. P. Cameron Wilson. 4s. net. (Poetry Bookshop.)

These poems are, as Mr. Munro says in a brief Introduction, "the expression of a personality"—a strong and attractive personality that expresses itself in verse which speaks the language of poetry and is veined with such thought and emotion as give the dry bones of metre life. Before the war Cameron Wilson was a schoolmaster; in August, 1914, he enlisted in the Grenadier Guards; and was a Captain in the Sherwood Foresters when, after long service overseas, he was killed in France in March, 1918. The war inspired him in seven or eight of his poems—in his sombre lines, "A Soldier"; in the mingled fancy and grim realism of "France, 1917"; in "On Leave," perhaps the most poignant, the most beautiful of them; but he is far enough from the war in the amusing, ironic "Stanzas Written Outside a Fried Fish Shop"; the bizarrely fine Bank Holiday verses, "Suicide"; and such charming things as the little snatch of song:

> "Dear, if your blinded eyes could see
> The paths my thoughts have worn to you" . . .

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